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TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCKS.



VOL. III.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,  
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

# TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCKS ;

OR,

## THE NAVAL FOUNDLING.

BY "THE OLD SAILOR :"

AUTHOR OF

"TOUGH YARNS;" "NIGHTS AT SEA;" "GREENWICH HOSPITAL;"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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1838.



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## TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCKS.

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### CHAPTER I.

The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu !  
Which is the side that I must go withal ?  
I am with both : each army hath a hand ;  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder and dismember me.

*King John.*

THERE were but few families in the realm that could claim a more illustrious line of ancestors than the Wentworths and the Achesons. Allied by blood, but divided by political feuds, very little intercourse had been kept up between the branches, till at length it settled nearly into forgetfulness. The Achesons resided in a delightful place which, though designated a cottage, was nearly as large as a castle, situated on the border of a beautiful little bay at the back of the Isle of Wight ; whilst the Wentworths inhabited a fine baronial hall on the coast of Devonshire, one of



the most complete and superb specimens of the olden time improved upon by modern taste. Both possessed ample wealth ; but at the period of my history, the representatives of each were widely different in manners and practices. The head of the Wentworth estate was married, but had no children ; the father of the Achesons was also married, and the parent of two girls and a boy, his wife dying in childbirth with the latter.

The sister of Mr. Acheson had constantly resided with his family at the cottage, and seldom was there seen a female more strikingly beautiful : but there was also a repulsive pride about her, that, however much her beauty might be admired, at once repressed all tendencies to love. In so sequestered a spot, there was but little choice of society ; but amongst the visitors at the cottage was a naturalised Frenchman, and his wife, an Englishwoman, persons of small income but of respectable character, named Clairfait, who occupied a pleasant and snug retreat in the neighbourhood. Such was their outward show ; but there were individuals better versed in the mysteries of the contraband who told a different tale, and, as it afterwards appeared, with no small degree of truth. Their son was

a remarkably handsome young man, and perfect master of that sort of speciousness which but too frequently passes current in the world for sterling worth and integrity. Half sailor, half landsman, he had the good qualities of neither; but under the assumed frankness of the former he ingratiated himself with Miss Alicia, whilst with the shrewdness of the latter he disguised his real character and immoral propensities. He was courageous, if ferocity could be called courage; and he was daring, if constantly risking his life as a spy for the enemy could so be dignified. With the sister of Mr. Acheson he was an especial favourite and companion: they wandered together over the romantic scenery of that part of the island, and were seldom apart;—for Mr. Acheson being an extremely indolent man, never interfered; and his wife labouring under very delicate health, generally confined herself closely to the house. But there were not wanting those who spread a tale of slander greatly to Miss Alicia's prejudice; and the conduct of the young man himself tended considerably to heighten the rumours that prevailed. Alicia had but little property of her own—she was almost entirely dependent on her brother, and she was fully sensible that his pride

would revolt at the idea of her union with one so much beneath her in family connexion; nay, more, she was convinced that a clandestine contract would at once destroy all future expectations, and she would be thrown a destitute creature upon the world. She had no feelings of real affection for young Clairfait, and could not be blind to his numerous faults; but there seemed to be a sort of compact by which they were drawn together.

Amongst the hardy race of doubtful characters who inhabited the vicinity of the bay, was a man named George Dawes, but far better known among his associates by the title of Pig's Petitoes. He was by profession a fisherman and pilot; but, in point of fact, he was one of the most reckless and notorious smugglers that ever defrauded the revenue of its dues: and yet, desperate rogue as he was, (and almost every crime had been laid to his charge,) there was a degree of chivalrous honour about the man that rendered it doubtful whether there was not a devil in his nature that constantly overcame the better resolutions of his mind and heart. His word, whether for good or evil, was kept with a punctilio that seemed almost sacred, and a pledge from his lips was certain to be redeemed. To his wife

he was kind and indulgent; but she bore him no children, and thus he was deprived of inducements which might have checked him in his reckless habits. The exterior of his residence, with its neat bit of garden, was characteristic of the class to which he professed to belong; but the inside displayed comforts, and even luxuries, which proved that Dawes was well supplied from some source or other.

This man, then, was the confidant, friend, and partner of young Clairfait; and thither would Alicia repair to meet with the chosen companion of her rambles. Mrs. Dawes was a shrewd, pains-taking, money-loving woman, and she very early perceived the advantages of encouraging the assignations of the young couple, not only of a pecuniary nature, but also in that influential character which is so much coveted in small communities. Mr. Acheson was the lord of the manor—he was a magistrate, and Alicia swayed him just as she pleased. An appearance of obesity which, it was feared, had a tendency to dropsy, removed Alicia for three or four months to the metropolis, that she might be under the judicious care of skilful medical practitioners; and it was during her absence that Mr. Acheson became the father of a boy, and soon afterwards fol-

lowed his wife to the grave. Mrs. Dawes officiated as nurse ; but after the demise of the mother, a young female was procured capable of affording that nourishment to the infant of which it had been deprived by the death of its parent. Young Clairfait had not accompanied or even followed Alicia to London, but became so extremely attentive to Mr. Acheson's welfare and wishes, that he was never long absent from the cottage ; and ultimately, at the proprietor's request, he took up his abode there till Alicia should return. Every week brought letters of her gradual improvement and progressive recovery ; and when she once more appeared amongst them, it was with renewed health and beauty.

About this time a college companion of Mr. Acheson's was quartered at Newport ; and Major Waldegrave, presuming on old acquaintance and fellowship, came with his young and thoughtless, but amiable wife, to visit the bereaved mourner. Major Waldegrave was an officer of large property, and still more extensive expectations, from a brother, who had amassed an immense fortune in the East Indies, and declared his intention of bequeathing it to the children of the major. He was a splendid-looking man, full of romantic attachment to his



profession, yet ardently devoted to his wife, who, notwithstanding the frivolities of a fashionable education, cherished an enthusiastic regard for her husband. The visit was truly acceptable to Mr. Acheson, who derived pleasure in the society of his fellow-collegian; and the major, with pure benevolence of heart, endeavoured to steal his mind away from the sorrows over which it was too apt to brood.

From the first appearance of Major Waldegrave at Hartwell Cottage, Alicia conceived for him the most violent passion; and, ungovernable in her desires, so far from checking it, she gave full loose to the delirium which stole upon her soul. But this was only in secret; though it required her utmost vigilance to restrain her feelings in the presence of those] from whom it was her interest to conceal what was passing in her heart. In proportion as she loved the major, so in the same ratio did she hate his wife, till, wrought upon by every demoniac principle, she resolutely determined to effect her destruction, whilst she herself employed all her blandishments to captivate her husband. It was a delicate and a difficult task—one from which an ordinary mind would have shrunk with pity when it beheld the happiness of the married couple, and the extreme confiding simplicity of

the young and innocent wife. But Alicia stifled all the compunctious visitings of remorse; she cherished but one deep, strong, and overwhelming feeling, which blinded her to humanity and honour.

The colonel of the major's regiment was a man of the world; libertine in principles, but of course an *honourable* man. He greatly admired Mrs. Waldegrave, and, but that he knew her to be unexceptionable in her conduct, as well as entertaining some dread of personal chastisement, it is not unlikely but he would have endeavoured to add another to his boasted catalogue of victims. Now, unfortunately, one of the major's greatest failings was the indulgence of jealousy: it seemed to be inherent in his nature, and he gave way to it. Yet in reality it was more the jealousy of love, than the gnawing, peace-destroying, cankerous jealousy of suspicion: though, alas! unhappily, the cherishing of the former is but too apt to lead to the latter; and that which, if crushed in the bud, might have at once perished,—by giving it a place in the warmth of the heart, has sprung into full maturity, a poisonous upas to destroy all the kindlier emotions of the human breast. Waldegrave possessed too much pride in himself, and too much confidence in his amiable wife, to delineate

his colonel's character to her, or to offer those prudent admonitions which, though perhaps not absolutely necessary as warnings to a virtuous female, act nevertheless as beneficial guides to domestic happiness.

Colonel C—— was the polished man of education, and in manners one of the most perfect gentlemen of the day—gay and gallant, he had studied the many little attentions which are most gratifying to that bane to virtue, female vanity: he won confidence by assuming candour; he professed the principles of a man of honour, he practised the deeds of a detestable villain. Mrs. Waldegrave, without knowing the danger to her fair fame, had been gratified by the deportment of the colonel; and as he occasionally rode over to the cottage, Alicia became fully aware that the actors in her drama were preparing a tragical dénouement, whilst she had only to attend and direct the by-play. This she did most effectually; for the colonel, struck with admiration at the beauty of Alicia, had no objection to add her to the string of his conquests: and thus, whilst she gave him cause to repeat his visits as often as duty would permit—sometimes during the absence of the major, she dexterously managed to make them appear as paid to Mrs. Waldegrave. As for Clairfait,

destitute of refinement and vicious in propensity, he became a willing agent in the schemes of that master-spirit, which, like an exulting demon over the promised wreck of a tempest, was secretly rejoicing in the desolation and woe that stood in bold outline before it. Mrs. Waldegrave was near the period of confinement, but that did not relax the meshing of the subtle net which was destined to encompass her—it rather urged on the hellish plot, which none but a demon could invent, and none but a fiend could put in practice.

Alicia had frequently induced Mrs. Waldegrave to walk with her to the residence of George Dawes—sometimes to look at laces, at other times to inspect silks; and it generally happened that on these occasions they were almost sure to be joined by the colonel, either at the house, or in going or coming. In these arrangements Petitocs was an admirable adjunct: the appearance of the ladies was announced from his flag-staff by a preconcerted signal, and the colonel, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, immediately answered it in person. Had the major been kept ignorant of these transactions, the plot could not have had its full effect: care therefore was taken that his mind should be tortured with suspi-

cions which he nourished in secret. Had he resolutely spoken to his wife upon the subject, oh! how much misery might have been spared! But the confederates, knowing well with whom they had to deal, were cautious to prevent his gaining any tangible information on which to ground more than surmise; and he, aware of his inferiority, would not by remonstrating with, or even warning his wife, give her reason to suppose that he suffered from its influences, lest it should diminish her esteem.

The confinement of Mrs. Waldegrave, which took place at the cottage, afforded Alicia additional opportunities to undermine, as she hoped, the affections of the major; but, alas! she was only destroying his peace. The colonel was more frequent in his visits, ostensibly to Miss Alicia, but the tortured husband was instructed to think differently. Had he spoken to Mr. Acheson, it is possible that the mischief would have been checked; but he could not bring himself to breathe even a suspicion to another respecting the wife he almost idolized. She had given birth to a girl; and as he fondled the babe, oh! how often have the scalding drops rolled heavily from his eyes, and the ill-repressed groans of anguish burst from his heart! Mrs. Dawes was again the nurse, and her innu-



endoes and remarks were like pouring vitriol upon wounds: she would play with the infant in Waldegrave's presence, and then debate with herself which it most strongly resembled — the colonel or the major; whilst the latter considered the observation as purely accidental, and without intention.

Several months passed away in horrible uncertainty to the major, and in diabolical scheming on the part of Alicia; the former became petulant and sometimes harsh to his afflicted wife, and the latter, by ingratiating herself in his estimation and confidence, obtained an influence over his mind, till she had him under complete control, and he sought in her society a relief from the pangs that racked his inmost soul. Mrs. Waldegrave felt she was neglected: the colonel was more frequent in his visits, and, to resent the conduct of the major and Alicia, he paid greater attention to the young mother, who, without a due consideration of the consequences and reposing on her own innate sense of virtue and honour, was gratified by his demeanour and delighted in his company. She made no secret of this—she knew nothing of the evil machinations that were working against her; and that which an unbiassed observer would have construed into the strongest evi-

dence of innocence, was by a distorted and jealous mind considered as irrefragable proof of a total abandonment of even delicacy.

In one of the conversational moments of Mr. Acheson and the major, whilst the two infants were playing in the arms of their respective nurses, a proposition was made to unite their future destiny. At first it caused a smile ; but frequent recurrence to the subject familiarised it, and ultimately deeds were drawn up, by which a matrimonial arrangement was made under certain conditions, and as the major expected in the course of a short time to embark on foreign service, he placed his daughter under the guardianship of Mr. Acheson. Alicia was the leading diplomatist in the affair ; and as she appeared on all occasions to act with watchfulness over her brother's interests, he readily resigned the whole management to her. Mrs. Waldegrave would have remonstrated against this ; but unfortunately something of a similar spirit that actuated the major also possessed her, and she became indignantly passive, hoping that when they should remove away from the island, the dangerous association which her husband had formed with the beautiful Alicia would be terminated.

What led to the final catastrophe was not at

the time known: it was rumoured, however, that the major had made a discovery which realised his worst fears. With all the impetuosity of a madman, he upbraided his wife, who warmly repelled his accusations, till, in an unguarded moment, the unfortunate and infuriated husband felled her to the earth. The lady had not many minutes before parted from the colonel at the extremity of the grounds: the major had not witnessed the parting, but became fully assured of the fact, which his wife did not for one moment attempt to deny. His rage was ungovernable,—the repressed feelings and suspicions of months burst out in one irresistible torrent, and Mrs. Waldegrave lay bleeding on the ground at the feet of the man who loved her to distraction, and whom she loved with an intensity bordering on adoration. Alarmed at his impetuosity, the major raised his fallen wife; but she was insensible: he therefore hastened to the cottage, and through the ready agency of Miss Alicia, who hurried to the spot, assistance was prompt; but Mrs. Waldegrave was nowhere to be found.

The major mounted his horse and rode after his colonel: he came up with him in a lonely road between Newport and the coast. Evening was closing in, and a dull oppressive

heaviness hung upon the atmosphere. The officers rode side by side for a minute or two without speaking. The colonel saw that something had disturbed his companion in arms, and an awkwardness came over him as he conjectured it might arise from the supposed familiarity with Mrs. Waldegrave, whom he had so recently quitted.

“This is an unexpected pleasure, major,” said the senior as he regulated the pace of his horse to suit the convenience of conversation. “Do you go to Newport to-night?”

“No, Colonel C——,” replied the agitated and agonised man,—“No, Colonel C——; my distance is effected—my object is nearly accomplished.” He threw himself from his saddle and caught the colonel’s rein. “Dismount, sir! — dismount! I have but few minutes to spare. Colonel C——, you are a villain!”

“How, sir,—what is this?” returned the colonel, stirring up the mettle of his animal with the spur; but Waldegrave held the bridle with too strong a hand for him to escape. Letting his own steed at liberty, he drew his sword, as the colonel shouted, “Major—Major Waldegrave, you are mad! would you assassinate me?”

“ I am not mad, villain ! but I am desperate ! ” responded Waldegrave vehemently. “ Dismount, I say, and here defend your life !—dismount ! or the wrongs of an injured husband may not leave me sufficient reason to give you even the chance of self-defence.”

“ Be calm, major — be calm,” said the colonel in a tone which, however it might be meant to soothe, did but aggravate the raging passion of his opponent. “ I solemnly assure you, I have never injured you ; and as for your spotless wife——”

“ Liar and coward ! ” exclaimed the major as he struck the colonel in the face with the flat of his sword ; and the high-mettled animal, rearing up, the colonel was in an instant on his feet, with his weapon bared, upon the defensive.

“ I am not called upon to meet a madman,” said the colonel as he shouted for help and parried the thrusts of his antagonist. No help came ; and finding that his only chance consisted in coolness and caution, so as to obtain the advantage over the major, he mustered all his skill and energy. Wounds had been given on both sides, but they were slight. The colonel endeavoured to disarm his brother officer, but without avail ; for though the



latter was wrought to a pitch of extreme excitement, yet he had often been in the field, where intrepidity and skill went hand-in-hand. He was an excellent swordsman; but still the colonel overmatched him, and the scabbard of the major getting between his legs as he drew up to parry a pass, threw him with violence to the ground, just as his sword in returning the thrust had entered his colonel's body.

For several minutes Waldegrave lay stunned and stupified. On recovering, it was nearly dark; the sombre shades of the trees as they overhung the way nearly excluded the last glimmering remains of daylight: yet he beheld nearly close by his side the dead body of his commanding officer; whilst in the gloom stood a tall figure whose bulky form, magnified by the haze and a vivid imagination, might have well been mistaken for the prince of the powers of the air exulting over the horrible catastrophe. The major raised himself with difficulty,—a maddening sensation came over him,—superstition mingled with the feeling when the stranger slowly approached, and he heard the voice of Clairfait as he exclaimed,

“A pretty evening's work, major! you have fairly pinked him; and now flight—flight is your only resource.”

“ I will not fly,” returned the major doggedly ; “ I have struck the villain to the heart with more mercy than for months he has been stabbing me. Here will I abide and meet my fate.”

“ Nonsense, nonsense, man !” responded Clairfait familiarly ; “ this breeze will soon blow its strength out, and why should you brave it when you may be safe in port ?” He whistled, and the smuggler Dawes was soon at his side. “ Here, Petitoes, the major has had a mishap : you must get the craft ready directly and run over to Guèrnsey with him, where he ’ll be safe enough.”

“ Ay, ay, I see — I see,” returned the hardy Dawes ; “ I will harbour him in so snug a berth, that not even a rat should find his anchorage. Come, major, it’s a bad job ; but it might have been worse, you know ; if you had been hove down in his stead : and, arter all, what is it but tallyation ?”

“ Right,” said the major, — “ right, it is retribution and deadly vengeance : the sword of an injured man has redressed the wrong.”

“ We all on us looked out for somut of the kind,” said Dawes. “ Ay, ay, that same colonel was a gay un, and didn’t much care

whose manor he poached on, or where he got his cargo of pleasure so as it was but contraband.—But I say, major, will you go with us?”

“To be sure he will,” uttered Clairfait: “none but a silly child would remain here to be taken, and know the penalty is death. There were no seconds; no one witnessed the encounter. At all events, I’d run the chance of a few days’ liberty before I surrendered; I would collect my thoughts and arrange my plans: for though everybody knows the provocation you have received, yet——”

“Do as you please with me,” said the wretched man, whose faculties were almost benumbed at finding that others had a full knowledge of the shame which had been brought upon him. But, at the same time, there came also the conviction that he had just grounds for his resentment, that he had not taken summary vengeance on the destroyer of his peace from mere suspicion; and the guilt of his wife, however much it weighed him down in spirit and rendered existence hateful, still prompted him to consider his offence more in the light of a triumph than the commission of a crime.

“You are wounded, major,” said Clairfait, assisting him to rise,—“and severely too.

Not a moment should be lost: I will see you safe to Petitoes, whilst he starts off to prepare the boat. We must do something to stop this bleeding.—Off with you, old boy: the night will be fine, and the galley will make the quickest passage.” The man departed, and the speaker, tendering assistance, added, — “Come, major, take my arm.”

“And leave him there?” said Waldegrave inquiringly, as he looked down upon the body of the colonel.

“Ay, surely, he’ll lie quiet enough,” answered the other, with a fiendish chuckle of ill-repressed delight that thrilled fearfully upon the major’s ears: “the last thrust did for him pretty handsomely.”

“You witnessed it, then?” said the major quickly; — “you saw the whole, and can prove——”

“—Nothing, major, nothing,” responded Clairfait doggedly. “It was no difficult matter to tell what brought him to the ground. —But, come, we waste time; the body shall be seen to as soon as you arrive in safety.”

“My debt of gratitude will be great to you, Mr. Clairfait,” said Waldegrave as they moved away. “But do you really suppose there is a prospect of getting off from the island?”

“ Much will doubtless depend on your own determination and the state of your wounds,” answered Clairfait. “ If you have resolution enough to persevere, and there is no immediate danger from your hurts, you may be off to sea in less than an hour, so as to set pursuit at defiance.”

“ I shall resign myself to your disposal,” said the major dejectedly: “ but is that man Dawes to be trusted ?”

“ What ! doubt Petitoes ?” exclaimed the other in a tone of banter; “ I should as soon think of doubting whether I am my mother’s son. Ay, trust him cordially, and do not be a niggard of your confidence; if he says he will befriend you, he’ll do it, never fear: but avoid all ambiguity,—deal with him in a straightforward manner, and you will have no cause to repent it.”

The word “ befriend” grated harshly upon Waldegrave’s ear: there was a humiliating association in the term to which he had never been accustomed, and he keenly felt the degradation of such befriending; but he had no alternative—there was capture or flight, and he had fixed upon the latter. “ I will implicitly follow your directions,” said he.

Very little conversation took place during

the remainder of their walk ; and when they reached the residence of Dawes, Clairfait left him for a few minutes to see that no one was in the immediate neighbourhood who would be likely to recognise his companion. The major stood leaning against a tree, his heart almost bursting with anguish, when suddenly a female stood before him. At first he thought it was his wife ; but the voice was that of Miss Alicia. She took his hand.

“ What have you done, major ? ” exclaimed she ; “ why are you here,—and where is Mrs. Waldegrave ? ”

“ By the side of her dead colonel, perhaps,” replied he with bitter emphasis. “ You have prompted me well, lady,—their guilt was clear,—thanks for your friendly counsel and directions.”

“ Dead ! ” shrieked Alicia, retreating backwards, — “ Colonel C—— dead ? And you, major—you—oh, whither will you fly ! ” and she again took his hand.—“ Great God ! I did not contemplate this: and by your hand, too ! Oh, Waldegrave ! Waldegrave ! what will become of me ? ”

“ He met his death in fair fight, Miss Alicia,” replied the major calmly, neither pressing nor refusing the hand which had been

placed in his. "They had just parted at the great gates,—I followed and taxed him with his baseness : our swords have performed their task. But I did not know," he added acrimoniously, "that the man was so estimable to you, Miss Alicia, or I might have ——"

"Not know my regard?" uttered the lady reproachfully. "Have we been, then, so frequently together—has my whole soul in its tenderness so well preserved the doubtful, that you could possibly remain ignorant? Oh, Waldegrave! you must have been sensible how fondly my heart was attached."

"I was not aware, Miss Alicia," returned the major in a tone of sorrowful contempt. "I was no confidant to your secret affection. I had reason to think that another——" he checked himself. "Lady, the colonel was a happy man."

"His happiness was not in *my* keeping, Major Waldegrave," responded Alicia proudly "The wife of his friend——"

"Spare me!—for the love of Heaven, spare me!" ejaculated the agitated man. "I thought the colonel was your aversion; you have repeatedly declared it to me. I could not read your heart,—I could not tell that your affections were placed on him."

"On him!" exclaimed the lady with pas-



sionate energy, — “on Colonel C——!” She laughed in scorn. “Now, Waldegrave, you are mocking me: the wretch was my abhorrence, and his death is my gratification. He betrayed you, Waldegrave, — he drove the searing iron home, and——”

“In what way, then, am I to construe your language, Miss Alicia?” inquired the major as the startling fact which had previously broken in upon his mind now stood fully revealed: “to whom were your allusions made?”

“Cruel and unkind!” uttered she in a voice of plaintive harmony. “Have you, then, led me on to hope, to believe, and now would you urge me to despair? Oh, Waldegrave! Waldegrave! finish your evening’s sacrifice by adding another victim to deception!”

“How — what is this — am I — is it me to whom you have alluded?” exclaimed the major as torturing suspicions of he scarce knew what rushed across his heart.

Alicia mistook the tone for one of tenderness: fervently hoping that her efforts had not been in vain, she fondly cherished the conviction that he was now her own,—she pressed his hand to her lips—laid her head familiarly upon his shoulder, as she answered, “Dear Waldegrave, can you doubt it?”



For the first moment or two, a feeling of pleasure stole upon his senses: he felt there were yet those in the world who loved him, that he was not wholly cast out from human affection and human sympathies,—that there was one who in the midst of his difficulty and distress would cling to him; but it soon passed away. “Henceforth, Miss Alicia,” said he mournfully, “my course must be through peril and disgrace—through——”

“I will freely share them with you, Waldegrave,” exclaimed she, hastily interrupting him. “Do you think that Alicia’s regard is confined to prosperity and ease? No, no; I shall welcome danger — I shall brave disgrace, if I am with you.”

He would have replied with greater firmness; but at that moment Clairfait approached, and they proceeded to the house of Dawes. On entering the place, the light fell on Alicia’s dress and showed her that it was daggled with blood. The truth flashed upon her quick conception: she looked at the major and saw him fainting, and instantly her arms were extended for his support,—she pillowed his head upon her bosom, she committed many extravagances to which he was insensible. His wounds were examined: she dressed them

herself, and insisted upon accompanying him in his flight; but this he peremptorily declined; and though his thoughts were greatly confused, he had yet discernment enough to be sensible of the gross impropriety of her conduct. He had never loved her,—he had, in fact, scarcely indulged a sentiment of common courtesy—certainly not beyond it; but false delicacy, aided by concurrent circumstances, had produced a round of delusion of which Clairfait alone retained the key. Though abandoned in his propensities and seeming to acquiesce with perfect indifference to the plots and counterplots of Miss Alicia, he nevertheless had not been insensible to the neglect he had experienced from her: his pride and vanity had been humbled, and he had, in fact, merely acquiesced in her arrangements as they afforded him better opportunities to further his own designs. He had experienced several reverses where he had fully anticipated large profits: more than one cargo had been seized; and though he still passed as a man of good property, yet his expectations had been greatly reduced. The ample fortune of Mr. Acheson, whose income was almost entirely at the disposal of his sister, enabled Miss Alicia to have an unlimited command over adequate re-

sources for every purpose that she required, and Clairfait was amply supplied whenever he chose to solicit; for notwithstanding former intimacy had ceased between them, he yet retained a powerful influence over her which he did not fail to employ whenever he deemed it requisite to do so.

The major's wounds were none of them serious, or such as rendered it necessary for him to delay his departure. Dawes had reported the boat ready, and Alicia had gone out to speak with Clairfait in compliance with an intimation the latter had privately given.

"Thus far," said the agent, "everything has progressed as well as you could have wished; the colonel is comfortably disposed of,—pray what has become of the lady?"

"That is beyond my knowledge," answered Alicia proudly: "the place where I was directed to, was abandoned, nor could any traces be discovered of her retreat."

"It tells to our advantage," said the other; "and now, if we could find out where she is and keep her out of the way, her disappearance would be a confirmation of her guilt."

"We must endeavour to ascertain it," responded the lady; "but I never imagined that

affairs would be carried to such extremity. A life has been sacrificed, and so far it perhaps would have been but of little consequence, as the possessor of it was worthless; but it has hazarded the existence of one who is truly estimable." She paused.

"The major," returned Clairfait calmly: "I perfectly understand you. But were you so simple as to suppose," and he seized her arm with energy, "that the passions of men are like the foolish petulance of women?—that words alone are to give utterance to feeling—that wrongs, whether imaginary or real, can be atoned for, by noisy altercation or learned argument? If you have hitherto thought so, go look upon yon corpse and prove the fallacy of your notions. What line have you marked out for your future course in this affair?"

Alicia had, through the indulgence of an unhallowed passion, involved herself in a labyrinth which she had not foreseen. Her aim had been to separate Waldegrave from his wife through the medium of that baneful inclination which she had early detected as strongly prevalent in his temper and disposition: what ulterior proceedings might be desirable, she left to be decided by the progress of events. It was for this purpose she

had encouraged the visits of the colonel, and cultivated the pernicious weed that choked the growth of generous feelings in the major's breast. But she had never calculated the effects which were likely to take place when the officers met in decided hostility; and now, though part of her scheme was fully accomplished, she saw at once that unless she could accompany the major, her influence would be at an end, and the prize for which she had risked her soul's salvation would, in all probability, be wrested from her grasp. "Waldegrave ought not to go alone," said she with emphasis: "he is bowed down by affliction and wounds."

Clairfait readily understood the drift of her words, and he seemed fully able to meet the case. "He is a soldier," said he, "and should be prepared for every privation and every inconvenience."

"I was thinking of going over with, or, at least, following him," said Alicia diffidently. "We must not perpetrate a double murder."

Clairfait laughed in seeming wantonness; but there was a bitter expression in his manner that spoke of irritated feelings. "You have become considerate, Miss Alicia," uttered he.

“And if I have,” responded she proudly, “who is there that shall presume to censure my acts?”

“Not I, certainly,” answered Clairfait scornfully. “You know me too much your devoted servant to imagine that I would interfere in your pursuits: still, I thought that the comfort of your indolent brother and the welfare of the infant heir might have a prior claim to your consideration,—to say nothing of the opinion the world will form of a female who runs after a married man—and that man in the eye of the law a murderer. Go if you please; but——” and he stopped short.

“Your threat again!” exclaimed the lady haughtily. “Oh, how do I despise myself for placing it within your power to threaten me! But, beware, Clairfait! beware!”

“Your caution would be well applied to both,” answered he with provoking calmness: “you seem to forget that there is such an actuating principle as self-defence. Have I not loved you, Alicia, — do I not still love you dearer than my own soul?”

“You love!” uttered she with proud disdain: “no, no, Clairfait, you never experienced one sensation corresponding with the sacred character.” He laughed. “Ay, you may

turn what I say to ridicule ; but have I not been your dupe—your victim ?”

“ These heroics will not forward your purpose, Miss Alicia,” answered Clairfait, “ nor will they advance the interest of your friend. I do not dictate, I merely counsel ; but there are perhaps the opinion and wishes of another to be taken.”

“ The major’s,” said she hurriedly. “ It will not be necessary : the sentiments which you counterfeit he possesses in sterling reality. Does he resist my solicitude ?”

“ You may find yourself mistaken,” returned he with perfect self-possession : “ sanguine temperaments are apt to estimate the feelings of others by their own.”

For an instant or two the insinuated doubt held dominion of her mind ; but quickly banishing it, she answered, “ I am cherishing no mistake now, whatever I may have laboured under in times past.”

“ Then Waldegrave is not the man I have supposed him to be,” responded Clairfait composedly, “ and I err greatly in my judgment of human nature. Put it to the test.”

“ The Polly is ready and the lads impatient,” said Dawes, approaching them : “ we had best make a clear run of it whilst

there's a clear coast. I've transmogrified the sodger into a plain blue-jacket, and I'm thinking he begins to fancy himself an honest man's child."

"We must not delay, old friend," returned Clairfait; and they re-entered the house. Waldegrave had indeed undergone a change in appearance: his handsome regimentals had yielded place to a rough jacket and trowsers, and he stood in the foul-weather dress of an Isle of Wight pilot of 1780; but he did not regard it—his thoughts were engaged on other objects.

"Are you fully prepared, major?" inquired Clairfait; "or is there anything we can do for you? You will find everything requisite in the boat; and, rely upon it, your interests shall not be neglected here. You may communicate with us easily through the agency of old Petitoes."

"Ay, ay, I'll take care o' that," responded Dawes: "let him once get safe over, and there'll be no fear of court-martials nor gibbets."

Alicia had withdrawn with Mrs. Dawes into an inner room for a few minutes, and she now reappeared carefully wrapped up in a horse-man's cloak. "I am ready," said she.



“Ready?” repeated Waldegrave as he looked earnestly upon her. “Surely you cannot intend—you cannot mean——”

“—To be the companion of your flight, major?” uttered she, taking up the unfinished sentence. “Yes, that is my design! Could you suppose that I would suffer you, distressed and wounded as you are, requiring tenderness and care, to go alone?”

“Miss Alicia,” returned he firmly, “this must not—cannot be! Fate seems to have wove a net around me that trammels my feet at every step. No: let what will be the result to me, I must have no associate in my flight.”

“Waldegrave,” said Alicia firmly, “we have not gone thus far, for me to abandon you now. We go together.”

“Never! never!” exclaimed he in a tone of fixed determination. “If I have excited more than friendship in your breast, my present punishment will be doubled by the knowledge of it. Oh, let me implore you not to overwhelm me entirely! I have loved Amelia too strongly, too faithfully, too ardently, for any other person breathing to supplant her in my heart. She has fallen;—

oh, God ! how horrible is the conviction ! — yet — oh, no ! there is not that being in creation I could love again !”

Clairfait gave Alicia a look full of meaning, as the latter stood apparently paralysed by the declaration she had just heard. It was not the utterance of doubt that she had listened to,—it was not the expression of anxious solicitude for her welfare that had met her ear : it sounded like the words of the dying, full of truth and sincerity. The blow was heavy,—she could not sustain it ; her arms were extended in the act of deprecation — her lips moved, but there were no words. A deep groan burst forth, and she dropped senseless on the floor.

“ Now then, major, top your boom,” said Dawes ; “ the young gentleman and my old missis will make all square for you in the long-run.”

“ Mr. Clairfait,” said Waldegrave as he wrung the hand of the person addressed, “ my daughter—” he stopped short—a fearful scowl passed across his features. “ It does not matter,” added he ; “ I can write to Mr. Acheson from Guèrnsey. Farewell !”

“ Adieu, major ! keep up your spirits !” exclaimed Clairfait ; “ every rope has an end

to it, and I make no doubt we shall pull you through."

They quitted the house—the major embarked—the wind was fresh and fair—the galley set her large lug, and throwing aside the foam, darted through the water like a dolphin in chase. Great was the distress of Alicia when, on recovering, she found that Waldegrave had departed, and the sanguine hopes she had so fervently cherished were crushed. Clairfait had left the house, but she found him on the outside with his night-glass. The receding boat, however, was no longer visible, and at Alicia's request he accompanied her towards the cottage.

"You perceive that my conjectures were correct," said he with mildness, as if commiserating her misery; "and now I trust, Alicia, you will no longer indulge in speculative dreams. You have duties—ay, and important duties too, to perform. Waldegrave will trouble you no more: tear, then, all remembrance of him from your heart;—has he not basely deceived you?"

"Alas! no," muttered the unhappy female: "I fear I have been deceiving myself,—I have fallen into the pit which I dug for others. But

you, Clairfait—you have seen it all, yet forbore to give me warning.”

“It was useless to warn one who scorned all advice,” returned Clairfait. “Your own headstrong passions blinded you to reason,—you despised the voice of affection; would friendship have had a stronger claim?”

“It is folly, Clairfait, to talk of affection,” returned Alicia mournfully; “had you indeed possessed it, this wretchedness might have been spared. It is a falsehood—a cheat—a mockery;—you know not—you never did know what real affection was.”

“And you, Alicia,—you boast of experimental knowledge,” retorted her companion with a sneer. “You, who profess undying attachment to one man, play the coquette with another, whilst,” he added with deep and earnest solemnity,—“whilst a sacred pledge—a holy compact exists with a third.”

“You do well to become my accuser, Clairfait,” returned she with a voice faltering under overwhelming grief; “but do not call the compact holy—it was accursed from the first moment, and here we have its condemnation: even that very pledge you mention is but a thorn in the side.”

“Alice—dear Alice,” said Clairfait with

softened pathos, "I will not accuse. Have I not been your slave—your shadow—the creature of your will? My hand, my heart, my humble fortune were yours, if you would have shared my destiny. Am I then to blame? can you tax me with unfaithfulness?—But come, dearest, let us no longer vex each other's spirit: I am unchanged in all things except my broken fortune;—why not ——"

"No, no, Clairfait," uttered she hurriedly, "I know what you would say: it cannot be; I will not give my hand to one whom I abhor." He stopped short in his walk as a convulsive spasm shook his frame. "Ah! the pledge, you would say," continued she;—"true—too true: but I cannot converse on the subject now. See," said she, pointing to the glorious planet that was rising above the hills; "sooner shall that bright orb be quenched for ever than I become the wife of——"

"Stop, Alicia," growled her companion, "and do not taunt or urge me too far: I can bear—ay, I have endured much—very much; but there is a point of contumely and insult beyond which it would be hazardous to go. Let us dismiss the theme for the present."

"Now and for ever," resolutely responded

the lady. "I would sink to beggary without a murmur with the man I loved ; but——"

"D——n ! madam," exclaimed Clairfait in irrepressible rage, "do you think that you are talking to a senseless block—a stone—a rock—a brute destitute of human feelings and human frailties ? There is a devil tugging at my heart even now, and whispering——"

"—Murder," returned Alicia calmly ; "I know it well, but I defy you. Yet do not fear that I shall desert my duty ; the obligation is a sacred one to me, though originating in hellish practices. Go, Clairfait ; there is poverty and degradation before you ;—go, and I will supply your wants as far as my power may extend ; but talk no more of marriage."

They parted at the entrance to the grounds. He watched her till she disappeared in the gloom, and then proceeded towards the spot where he had left the body of the colonel. "What !" muttered he to himself, "did she imagine that I played her game merely to gratify her whims and pleasures ? She must have two strings to her bow—a colonel and a major ; thanks to my guardian genius, I have provided for both, and neither will again cross my hawse. The fool still thinks me faithfully attached to her ; but the fact is, she is useful

to my pleasures. I am bankrupt in purse — my parents would be destitute to-morrow but for her supplies; and though I take pay both sides of the water, yet they begrudge a miserable pittance for intelligence on which the fate of kingdoms may rest. I must strike out a new path to wealth and fame till such time as these estates come under my sole control,—ay, and the vast possessions of the Wentworths and the Waldegraves too. By Heaven! I have too long dallied with this foolish, obstinate girl; it is time she felt my power—and she shall feel it! I am darkened by a cloud—the gloom of poverty surrounds me; but my star will once more shine resplendent. It is gold my spirit covets — unbounded wealth; and though years may pass before I can attain it, still it must—it shall be mine,—ay,” and he raised his voice, “though I should wade through seas of blood to make it so.” Here his soliloquy suddenly ceased as he beheld a dim, shadowy form standing before him in the pathway. He was a man of strong nerve; but at that moment, when unholy desires and threats were crowding from his heart, he could not look upon the appearance unappalled. At length he exclaimed, “Now, whether you be angel or devil, I care not! quit the road, or——”

“Stop, thou man of sin,” uttered a low plaintive voice : “thy thoughts must be of evil, for such unhallowed words to escape thy lips.”

“Cease this mummary, Jeannette,” answered the man ; “you know that it does not scare me. I do not cross your path with ill omens and gloomy warnings ; why should you cross mine ?”

“There has been murder done since the glory of the day departed,” said the other ; “blood has been shed—an immortal spirit has been hurried unprepared into the presence of its Judge.”

“Well, what have I to do with that ?” answered Clairfait boldly. “If men will fight or cut one another’s throats, how can I help it ?”

“Those who are placed in fair fight, risk their lives, and are upon a par, though not less murderers,” responded the female ; “but it is the base assassin, the man who stabs in the dark——”

“Ha-a !” shouted Clairfait with a hasty drawing in of the breath, “do you mean to insinuate that I——Yet, nonsense ! it is sheer folly. Let me pass, Jeannette ; and go to your home and say your prayers.”

“Conscience is oftentimes the boldest accuser,”



said Jeannette: "search yours, thou man of many crimes, and bear in mind that Heaven has its eye open when all others upon earth are closed."

"Now do you try my patience beyond measure," answered he angrily. "I ever speak you civilly; your hermitage is unmolested by those who call me leader, although they fancy some pillage might be obtained. Folks call you holy; but such religious cant does not pass current with me."

"Out upon thee, mocker!" responded the female. "My pallet is unmolested, it is true; but its safety is owing to the superstitious fears of your misguided followers rather than your control. And what could they expect to find? My healing herbs and medicines, the produce of my labour, I dispense gratuitously; my food is scanty, and the clear stream my drink."

"Well, well, do not cross my path, good mother, and I will send you a little brandy to mix with your water, some that has never been poisoned by the gauger's stick.—But have they removed the body?"

"Obdurate man!" exclaimed the other mournfully, "ask not for the dead, but say what has become of the living."

"Well, I will, to please you, Jeannette," re-

sponded Clairfait. "He has just stepped over the brook yonder," pointing to the sea.—"It is the women create all this mischief, Jeannette; they have set two brother officers fighting—one is compelled to fly, leaving the other run through with a sword."

"I thought it was a knife," uttered the female, as her voice came with a hissing intonation to his ears,—“a large clasp-knife.”

"It is a lie—a vile fabrication!" shouted Clairfait with hurried emphasis. "I—what would you say?—it was the major's sword."

"Blood will have blood," returned the woman forcibly, in a hollow sepulchral tone, which, added to the darkness of the hour, struck heavily upon her companion's heart. "Offences will come; but woe be to him by whom they come!"

"The devil's back is broad enough, Jeannette," replied the man. "But I must on my way to——"

"The body is gone," uttered the woman; "they have conveyed it to the town of Newport, and men are seeking for thee: they say thy hands are red."

Although it was so dark that objects could scarcely be distinguished, Clairfait involuntarily looked upon his hands. The intimation

that he was sought after produced an instantaneous effect. "If the body is gone," said he, "I may as well return: and as for men seeking me, they ought to know pretty well where I am to be found. Good night, Jeannette: go and mumble over your prayers, and then dream of your sins when you was a gay and giddy girl, breaking the hearts of the young men with love, and killing the young women with envy. Say a good word for me, Jeannette."

"Out upon thee, scoffer!" answered the woman. "The days of youth are those of temptation, which if yielded to, leave an old age of repentance or remorse. You are treasuring for yourself a store of iniquity that ere long must fall and crush you." He was walking hastily away as she added, "And see, the wicked fly even when there is no one in pursuit! My suspicions, then, I fear, are but too well founded: yet are they but suspicions." And she quitted the spot.

## CHAPTER II.

“ Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war —  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds.”

WHO the woman Jeannette, noticed in the last chapter, really was, no one could afford the smallest information. That she had been well educated and had moved in the higher sphere of life, was well attested by competent judges who had conversed with her; but, from some cause which no persuasion or inducement could prevail upon her to reveal, she had retired from a world that she abjured to privacy and solitude. Her dwelling was a sort of half-house, half-cavern, excavated in one part of the cliff that bounded the bay. A flight of what are termed, in some places in England, *Shepherds'-steps*, were cut out in the rock, and ascended to a shelving parapet of about twelve feet by six, and not less than from thirty to forty feet above the level of the sea. The front of her

dwelling projected from the cavern frontier, and was built up with a sloping thatched roof, forming a sort of ante-room to the interior, whilst above the spot the cliff towered for several hundred feet. In age Jeannette appeared to border upon fourscore; but there were times when she manifested such strength and activity, that doubts were entertained whether the semblance of decrepitude and age were not in a great measure assumed for the purposes of concealment. Yet her life was so quiet and unobtrusive — administering to the wants of the sick and infirm both in body and in mind, imparting useful instruction to the young and offering affectionate advice to the old, that no one presumed interference or threatened molestation; whilst the hardy race of smugglers, desperate as was their calling, had too great a dread of what they deemed her witchery to thwart or injure her: indeed, on many occasions she had rendered them essential service, when hurt or wounded in the hazardous traffic in which they were engaged, by her knowledge of surgery and medicine.

No one was admitted beyond the little ante-room of her habitation. There she dispensed the bounty which Heaven had sent her, and there she received the numerous little acknowledg-

ments of the families of the fishermen and peasantry of the neighbourhood; whilst there, too, were frequently to be found the gratuitous offerings of the smugglers in articles of luxury, such as teas, coffee, candied-sugar, sweetmeats, and numerous other things, the produce of illegal trading with the ships from India, by which they hoped to propitiate the good will and good wishes of the recluse when they entered upon any of their lawless excursions. The wealthy did not trouble her much, for she sedulously avoided all intercourse except with the poor; though Mrs. Acheson during her lifetime had treated her with considerable distinction and kindness, and had in fact prepared the hermitage for her reception.

On the evening of the encounter between the two officers, scarcely had Clairfait and the major departed than Jeannette was bending over the body of the fallen colonel, and, by dint of perseverance, ascertained that life was not entirely extinct, but that under existing circumstances, if prompt assistance was not rendered, death must inevitably ensue. With a speed that evidenced thirty rather than four-score, she ran to the nearest cottage: a horseman was despatched to Newport, and the surgeon of the regiment, in a post-carriage, was

expeditiously upon the spot, the body having in the mean time been removed to the residence of the peasant.

The professional gentleman stanchd the wounds, but pronounced one of them decidedly mortal: it was of a peculiar kind too, having the appearance of a stab from a knife or stiletto rather than the puncture made by a sword. The colonel was not insensible, but he could not speak so as to be understood; he was fully aware that his end was approaching, and motioned that something like foul play had been practised, though by whom it was impossible to comprehend.

“Did no one witness the affray?” inquired the surgeon; “was nothing found that could lead to detection?”

“There was nought but two swords,” responded the man, “and two pools o’ blood, wi’ a couple of horses feeding at a little distance.”

“Let me see the swords,” requested the surgeon; and they were immediately shown to him. Both were recognised, and he shuddered with horror as he beheld the major’s; for though Colonel C—— was esteemed as a smart officer, yet his vices rendered him disliked by honourable minds; whilst Waldegrave was beloved in every relationship as an officer and a gentle-

man. Carefully did the surgeon examine the point of the weapon, and firmly did he pronounce his opinion that the deathblow was not given by that instrument. The colonel tried to raise himself—he waved his hand and moved his head, apparently assenting to the declaration of the surgeon, who yet could not bring himself to believe that the major would act the part of an assassin. He warned the colonel to remain quiet, or his departure from existence would be accelerated ; but the latter, as if defying all results, eagerly motioned for writing materials. The cottage however, could furnish neither pen, ink, nor paper ; and the surgeon in his haste had left both book and pencil behind him. The earnest desire of the dying man was so intense, that the cottager produced his own substitute, a piece of chalk and a board. The colonel sat up, he seized the chalk with avidity, and with an unsteady hand wrote, “ Waldegrave is inn—— ;” but his senses reeled—the chalk escaped from his fingers, he fell back without finishing the communication, and in a few minutes was a corpse.

Prompt measures were adopted to arrest the major, and a coroner’s inquest was summoned, which, after a careful investigation, returned a verdict of “ Wilful murder,” leaving it to the



civil or military authority to decide as to who the murderer was. Mrs. Waldegrave remained undiscovered : Dawes returned, and reported that the major had been attacked with sudden delirium when about mid-channel, had thrown himself overboard, and, notwithstanding their efforts to save him, had sunk like a stone. Of course, the confederates kept this information to themselves. An outlawry was passed against the person of Saville Waldegrave, and his estates were placed under the management of trustees : Miss Alicia was more reconciled to the death of the major than was anticipated. The whole of the circumstances made considerable noise at the time ; but fresh marvels arose, and the murder of the colonel, together with the total disappearance of Waldegrave and his wife, soon passed away as things that had been.

Alicia's aversion to Clairfait amounted to fearful irreconcilable hatred ; still, he exercised dominion not only over her, but also over the whole of her brother's household ; and his irregularities, as well as his connexion with the smugglers, made him detested and feared not only by the inmates of the cottage, but likewise by every peaceable individual in the neighbourhood : in fact, there was but one

whom he dreaded, and that was the recluse of the cliff;—Jeannette alone could curb his ungovernable temper, and Jeannette alone dared to set at nought his commands. At length, weary of the limited sphere in which he was moving, he occasionally passed many months away revelling in the luxurious pleasures of both London and Paris. Alicia entered no more into intrigues: she devoted herself to promoting the welfare of her brother; and her time, attention, and affection were lavished on the infant heir. It is true, she became petulant and passionate, morose and severe, and both children and servants suffered from her habitual evil temper; but she seldom went abroad, sought for no male acquaintance, lived almost in obscurity, and never visited, whatever invitations she might receive.

Charles Acheson grew, and, when at the cottage, Clairfait was his chosen associate; so that the boy drooped and mourned at his departure, and during his absence Dawes supplied his place. With such instructors, it cannot be supposed that the twig received the right inclination. Yet Mr. Acheson could not discern the bias of the child's mind; he strove to impress him with austere religious tenets, which the other laughed at: fun and mischief were

preferable to the gloomy revealings of an ascetic, and, at his age, he naturally chose the former ; still he did not dare to appear otherwise than rigidly serious in the presence of his father, whom, when clear from his sight, he turned into ridicule, and thus laid the ground-plan of a life of hypocrisy and deceit. Idolised and spoiled by his aunt, the unwitting cruelty of childhood went unchecked, and no one dared to contradict or restrain the favourite in whatever caprice or whim he saw fit to indulge. Tyrannical to his inferiors and insulting to his equals, it passed under the commendations of his aunt as the evidences of a fine free spirit ; and the older he became, the more was he dreaded by his sisters and the young ward of his father. Clairfait had disappeared for some time and no one knew what had become of him ; his parents too had quitted the neighbourhood, and Alicia hoped that she should see him no more.

Dawes continued prosperous. He seldom went to sea, but yet he wanted for nothing ; and it became a matter of conjecture amongst his old companions as to the manner in which he so readily obtained a handsome livelihood without doing anything. But he cared not for their surmises or their hints—it was enough for him that such was the fact, and he left others to draw their

own conclusions. To the anchorite, however, he was invariably attentive, furnishing her with every information he could procure, and preventing the rude intrusions of strangers whom curiosity attracted to her dwelling.

At a suitable age Charles was sent to a public school : but his stubborn wilfulness soon disgusted his teachers, and punishment only rendered him worse ; so that he did not remain long anywhere, his representations to his aunt being implicitly responded to. At length a tutor was provided at home,—an easy, good-natured, feast-loving man, who suffered the lad to do just what he pleased, merely exacting that a small portion of time should be devoted to the rudiments of education. The sisters had a governess to themselves,—a widow lady, who endured many mortifications for the sake of a comfortable asylum, and she strenuously endeavoured to enrich the minds of her young pupils.

From the desire infused into him by Dawes, Charles expressed his determination to go to sea, and the Naval College being open to him he was placed there for a short time ; but soon after his twelfth year a ship was provided, and he commenced his career in the service of his King. The early part of our

history will show in what manner he conducted himself, and the reader will readily recognise in Dubois the Clairfait who had watched over his infancy. The communication which Clairfait made was one of an appalling character; it operated so powerfully over every faculty that it rendered him a traitor, so that he not only connived at, but assisted in the prisoner's escape, by removing the boat-keepers from the boats before he lowered himself over the stern, and allowed sufficient time to elapse for Clairfait to grasp at two or three oars, with which he formed a buoyant raft to place under his arms, and thus floated away without noise or obstruction.

On his return home to the cottage, Acheson was for some hours closeted with his aunt; but nothing of their conversation transpired,—though it was evident from the flushed cheeks of the one, and the inflamed eyes of the other, that the interview had not been of the most pleasing character to either. To conceal her chagrin and to recover her self-possession, Miss Alicia walked out alone into the grounds: and certainly, could anything on earth have tranquillised the remorse of a guilty conscience, it was the beauty of the evening that was then coming on. The waters of the Channel

looked like an immense sheet of polished silver, reflecting the radiant tints of the setting sun, and though cool themselves and refreshing to gaze upon, yet imparted a glow from the reflection which warmed and gratified both sight and intellect. Not a breath stirred the leaves; the sky was unclouded and redolent with glory; the air was full of fragrance. But nothing could stifle the inward monitor in Alicia's breast, or soothe the agonies of keen remorse. The twilight fell heavier, the white sail on the bosom of the ocean was no longer visible, nearer objects began to fade away in the gloom, when suddenly she found her footsteps arrested by a man grasping her arm, and the voice of Clairfait rivetted her to the spot.

"Alicia," said he, "once more I present myself before you; and not now as one who claims a right to command, but as a suppliant for your protection and a pensioner on your bounty."

"My protection cannot avail you, Clairfait," returned she, striving to conceal her alarm. "The boy has told me everything, and the pusillanimity of which you have been guilty to serve your own purpose. Happily, he does not yet know all! But here you cannot, must not, shall not remain!"

“ This may be bravely said, Alicia ; but you must be well aware that it is calculated to make no impression upon me,” returned Clairfait firmly. “ I expected a different reception—I pleased myself with the anticipations of a welcome ——”

“ To the dross your soul loves, you *are* welcome,” responded the aunt. “ Name the amount and be gone !”

“ Nay, Alicia, but your exactions are too harsh,” returned the man with seeming deference. “ I would now, as I have often done before, yield all to satisfy your wishes.”

“ Do not call the hateful past to my remembrance,” answered she impetuously : “ and, oh ! how horribly does the future threaten to destroy !”

“ You will not mend it by your present conduct,” retorted Clairfait. “ True, most true, there is a mine under your very feet : one movement, and I could spring it to your utter destruction !”

“ But you yourself must also fall,” returned Alicia ; “ and I know enough of Clairfait to be assured that personal safety with him is a matter of paramount importance.”

“ I can bear your taunts,” uttered he,



though with symptoms of impatience. "You fancy that my danger is too great to hazard a disclosure. But what if I make my own safety the cost of the revelation? Think you that Mr. Wentworth or General Edmonds would not readily agree to terms?"

"You dare not do it," exclaimed Alicia, at the same time manifesting considerable alarm: "villain as you have been, and still are, you dare not do it!"

"By everything in heaven or in hell, I dare!" shouted Clairfait, fully alive to the advantage which his declaration had given him. "Think you I will bend and crouch where I ought to command? A different reception might have engendered different feelings; but if I am to be braved, I will at least use my power in self-defence. That youth responded to my claim; he set my feet at liberty—he ——"

"—Has told me all, Clairfait," added the aunt, her tone and manner greatly humbled,—  
"he has concealed nothing from me."

"You know, then, that the rightful heir still lives,—that he has friends who would assist his cause,—that large rewards have been offered, and all—all within my grasp, and mine alone?" urged the man.



“ I do, I do !” returned the aunt as she became bowed down with the weight of a full knowledge of her position ; “ and now what would you that I should do ?”

“ Come, come, Alicia, I thought you would listen to reason,” uttered he sarcastically. “ It is true, your life may not be endangered ; but what would life be worth, deprived of all that makes it sweet and pleasant ?—what is mere animal motion, or even volition, when the finger of scorn, like the hand upon the dial, points to an eternal round of shame and misery ? The very menials will mouth at you ; ballad-singers will echo your name from one extreme of the realm to the other ; and all who have known the beautiful Alicia will pronounce, ‘ Thus falleth pride ! ’ ”

“ Devil,” uttered the aunt between her compressed teeth, “ that first tempts to sin, and then upbraids his victim with the crime ! Regrets are useless now : Clairfait, what are your requests ?”

“ Alicia,” returned he mournfully, “ the latent affection in my heart prompted me to seek the interview. From you I require nothing : I have fathomed the depth of your regard, and know its shallowness. The time is not yet come when these rich domains,—ay,

and others infinitely more valuable added to them,—must call *me* master. You know it, Alicia,—you know it well : even at this moment the conviction is deeply stamped upon your heart, and nothing but death can erase it. You have offered me this evening an estimate of what I may expect in future, and I thank you for your honesty. Now, hear me,” and his voice was thrillingly deep,—“hear me, and let memory hereafter bear truth to my pledge. Alicia, I leave you,—leave you to the torture of knowing, that as sure as yon bright orb shall continue to shine when we are in our graves—as sure as the throne of the Eternal is founded in power, so sure will I return at a fitting period to assume my authority over the heir to all this wealth : ay, Alicia, whether you will share it with me or not, these plantations, yon house, the rich estate shall be mine,—yes, mine, Alicia, mine !”

The manner in which this was uttered made Alice tremble ; and, knowing the full extent of Clairfait’s power, she regretted her own intemperate harshness. “I have suffered much, Clairfait,” said she dejectedly. “The wounds of other times are not yet healed : can you wonder, then, at my feeling pain when they are rudely touched ? I did not mean all that my

haste uttered ; and surely you—you ought to make some allowance for irritated feelings.”

“ I came to you, Alicia, but to say farewell,” returned Clairfait. “ Sixteen years have now elapsed, when in the pride and brightness of each other’s hearts we sought no further light to guide our joyous path. Here, Alicia,—here upon this very spot I have strained you to my breast : hundreds are the places that remembrance hallows as having been devoted to sweet, unbounded, exquisite delight. Did I complain of your desertion?—did I upbraid you when you looked upon me with a changed and chilling eye?—did I betray your interest or your welfare? No, Alicia, no : I bore it all, whilst damning tortures wrung my very soul. You thought you could make me your unconscious dupe so that you might practise your impurities undisturbed. But hear me, Alicia : I undermined your plots. Your colonel might have been living now, for any wound that Waldegrave gave him.” Alicia faintly shrieked and sprang from his side as he wildly laughed. “ Ha ! I have touched you there ! But that is not all, Alicia. Waldegrave — ay, there the cut comes keener,—Waldegrave fell by my directions, and his last words coupled your name with execrations. His wife

yet lives, and the wheel is coming round full circle. You will wish for me when I am not to be found,—you will pray for my presence when I am far distant. Adieu, Alicia! I take one devil with me, it is true,—Revenge!—but I leave a more torturing one with you,—and that is Conscience!”

“Clairfait! if mercy or pity ever touched your heart, do not leave me at this moment!” entreated Alicia. “My position never appeared so dreadful to me as now. Oh! you have indeed opened my eyes to the gulf which lies yawning before me: I see that happiness is lost to me for ever!” And the proud lady wept.

“Nay, Alicia, nay, do not unman me by your tears,” responded he more soothingly: “remember this harshness was not of my own prompting,—you have only yourself to thank; although I have told you nothing but the truth.”

“I am fully aware of it, Clairfait,” sighed she; “nor can I any longer mystify myself with hopes of better things. The die, however, is cast, and it would be madness to retract. We must be solemnly leagued together in the same pursuit,—bound by the same

object ; and, oh, God ! I see it all, and tremble !”

“ Now, Alicia, you are again returning to what you once were,” said Clairfait, “ and I can talk with you. Nearly the whole of your secret rests in my keeping, and rely upon it that for both our sakes it shall be preserved inviolate, unless you compel me to divulge it.—But some one approaches. Say that you will see me again before my departure.”

“ I will, Clairfait, I will !” responded she in trembling agitation. “ Name your own time and place ; or, if you do not fear detection, come boldly to the cottage.”

“ The latter would not be so well,” responded Clairfait hurriedly. “ The night will be fine, though probably dark : wait till every one in the cottage has retired to rest ; then meet me in the grotto, — that grotto, Alicia, where we have passed so many delicious hours together.—Hark ! you are called ; and ’tis his voice too. Speak !—will you come ?”

“ You shall find me there, Clairfait,” answered she : “ make haste, — do not linger now !” And he plunged into the thick of the shrubbery, leaped the boundary wall, and

proceeded on his way to the residence of Dawes.

The individual who came in search of the aunt was Charles Acheson. "He has but this moment quitted me," said she as the youth advanced: "yes, his taunts and insults have entered into my very soul, and I have no one to avenge my cause."

"You do me injustice, then," answered Acheson proudly. "Horrible as is the relation you have given me, still I will not see you injured. Where is the wretch?—But stop; it would be safer to have arms. I will fetch my pistols, and ——"

A demoniac laugh from Alicia followed this announcement; it rang wildly on the stillness of the twilight hour, and echoed again and again. She grew more calm: "Charles," said she, "would you dare redress my wrongs?—would you indeed lock up the secret of your birth for ever?—would you put your title to these estates upon a sure and stable foundation? Have you the daring, the courage, for such a deed?"

"Such a question is insulting to my character as an officer," returned Acheson. "What is there that I dare not do? Point out the means, and you will find me all compliance.

That which a woman can plan, I do not lack courage to perform."

"Enough, enough," said she; "have your arms prepared, then. Take more than one brace of pistols, for in such a cause I would spring a trigger. Be ready to accompany me when all is quiet in the house; but let it be done secretly, so as not to excite suspicion. Do you understand me?"

"I do," returned Acheson with firmness, "and resign myself entirely to your disposal. Say no more to me on the subject now; I will be in readiness when you call."

They returned to the house; and Acheson not only loaded his pistols, but also a small unerring rifle that had been presented to him by his uncle Wentworth; whilst Alicia retired to her room, dismissed the servants, and anxiously awaited till everything around was hushed to silence. Clairfait in the mean time had met with Dawes, and received a hearty greeting from his old associate.

"And how has it been with you?" inquired Petitoes: "rough like the outside of an oyster's jacket, I suppose. Why, we all thought you were dead!—and, let me tell you, there are those who would have rejoiced at it."

"The tone is changed there, my lad," an-



swered Clairfait; "I have brought the bonny lass to her bearings: we parted but just now, and she requested me to ask you for all the cash you have in the house, as she has run short, and I must be off to-night. We shall have better times before long, old boy: at present I'm in the thick of a fog; but let me have the cash and the galley—she'll make everything square."

"To be sure, to be sure," answered Dawes, going to a bureau-desk in his bedroom. "Guineas are scarce now—worth five-and-twenty shillings apiece: I have been collecting 'em, for they fetch their price over the water, and pay well for the venture. Will a couple of hundred be enough? I know she'll answer it at full demand."

"Add another fifty, my lad," responded Clairfait, "and give me paper that I may sign you a receipt for three hundred. Tush! it is nothing, boy, to what we will do by-and-by. I am going up to bid her farewell before starting;—have the galley at a grapplin' off the Mouse-hole Cove, and I will be alongside of you in less than an hour." They walked out together. "Is anything stirring in the neighbourhood?"

"Nothing, nothing, man," answered his com-



panion. "The galley shall be ready at the place you name ; but do not detain her long, as these revenue harpies have rigged out a watch-house at the point, and keep a look-out as sharp as a knife. It's lucky too for you, the galley was going across to-night : but Gingerbread Jim got a bit of a jam in a doorway at Newport, that he hasn't recovered from yet. We shall get him out, though, afore long."

"In limbo, eh !" laughed the other ; "that is jamming work with a witness. Well, I'll stand helmsman in his stead ; —I've not forgotten it, old boy. Is there anything on the coast ?"

"No ; the cutters are all pleasuring with the commissioners and their ladies," responded Dawes ; "you'll go over safe enough, and try your hand at a cargo for us when you're at t'other side ; silks, and 'bacca, and lace, sell well just now."

"I will, my old friend," returned Clairfait ; "you shall have the best the markets can produce, and that too at profitable prices. Hand over the cash." It was given him in two canvass bags. "Here's the paper ; and now bear a hand—I shall not be long away."

Clairfait took his way to the cottage-grounds ; but before he entered them, a female stood in

his way: "Stop, man of sin," said the voice of the recluse, "nor hurry on to destruction."

"Ah, Jeannette!" said the reckless man, "'tis good to meet with such an old acquaintance: I thought you were in heaven before this!"

"I wait my time," answered she mournfully; "but you — proceed to your appointment, and your hours are numbered."

"What! more witchcraft, Jeannette?" said he, laughing, though astonishment and alarm were the predominant feelings of his breast. "Why, how came you to know anything of an appointment?"

"That is unnecessary to explain," returned she. "I tell you — warn you of its consequences — that a fellow-creature, and one so loaded with crime, may not be thrown into the presence of his Maker with all his guilt upon his head. Return, thou man of sin, and repent."

"Ho, ho!" ejaculated Clairfait, "sits the wind in that quarter, eh? Treachery!" and he gnashed his teeth. "But they shall find that I can circumvent them.—Jeannette, I thank you."

"Nay, thank me not, vile worm," answered she proudly; "for if the officers of justice were near at hand, too surely would I cause you to

be tried for your life. Repentance might ensue ; and there is mercy for the vilest criminal if he will but seek it."

"At all events, I am grateful for your caution, Jeannette, and will not forget it," uttered Clairfait as he moved away. "I'm off, old girl ; good-by !" and he struck into another path, muttering to himself, "That woman is a fiend—a devil, to lure men on to death ! But, after all it may be some scheme of Jeannette's, who probably overheard our appointment, as she is always prying into other folk's affairs. I'll put it to the test !" He turned short round, made a run and a leap, and he stood within the grounds close to the place of assignation.

All was perfectly still—not a leaf stirred—lights were still moving in the cottage, when Alicia's favourite pony trotted up to him without fear, and rubbed its head against his shoulder. With the quickness of thought, Clairfait passed his handkerchief round the creature's neck, and pushing back the door of the summer-house, led the animal in and tethered him to the table, on which he piled a quantity of grass to keep him quiet. Having done this, he retired to a laurel thicket near the cottage, where he crouched down upon the watch.

One by one the lights were extinguished,

and every sound gradually died away, till the stillness became perfectly profound, and Clairfait thought he could hear the very beating of his pulse. Footsteps approached; and two persons drew so near to him, that he could have touched them both with his hand. A feeling of cautious instinct seemed to make them aware that they were close to one of their own species; they stopped for several seconds to listen. Clairfait did not draw a breath; and they again moved on. "Jeannette was right," thought he; "that youth is armed not for defence, but to raise his hand against—" His attention was quickened, and he stole from bush to bush till he saw them stop so as to command the entrance to the grotto. The pony had by some means released his head and was coming out, when the whisper of Alicia met the watcher's ear. "It is he, Charles,—keep steady and make sure of your aim." The youth raised the rifle to his shoulder. "Quick, quick, Charles!" said Alicia; "he will be upon us else!—redress the wrongs of your——" A sharp report prevented his hearing more: the unfortunate little animal gave a plunge and a moan—the ball had struck him in the head, and he fell heavily to the ground.

"It is done," said Acheson, "it is done,

and you are revenged !” He trailed his rifle and pushed into the plantation so as to gain the rear of the building, leaving his aunt alone.

“The villain is no more, then !” uttered Alicia ; “and now I may rest in peace.” A wild laugh was heard at her side, and turning round, Clairfait stood revealed before her.

“Infernal wretch !” ejaculated he, “what do you deserve? Would you make the boy a *parricide*—set him to murder his own father? Wretch ! fiend ! devil !” and he wrested a pistol from her hand as she was about to raise it.

Alicia was stunned ; she had no power of utterance left, and she fell to the earth in strong fits. The servants and Mr. Acheson were alarmed by the firing and her shrieks ; lights were moving to and fro. Clairfait bounded quickly away, leaped the wall, and Jeannette barred his passage : “You are safe, then,” said she ; “but who is it that is injured ?”

In as few words as possible, he narrated what had taken place ; and, in his anger and agony, the secret of the young man’s parentage escaped him. But it was time for him to fly ; and running with all his speed to the cove, the galley received him, shoved out, and the next morning he was safe in Cherbourg. The request of Dawes was duly attended to, and

Clairfait hastened on to Paris, then the scene of debauchery and bloodshed—where the neighbour of to-day became the executioner of his friend on the morrow, and where to look idly on was to perish. The misnomered Committee of Public Safety had subdued the mutilated remains of the National Convention, and, with Robespierre at the head, had established its own bloody reign, to be handed down with execrations to posterity as “*the Terror*.”

The day of his arrival was one that will ever disgrace the annals of France,—it was the 16th of October; and as he proceeded through the streets and drew near to the Tuileries, shouts and yells arose upon the air: it seemed as if the Furies had broken loose and were venting their imprecations in shrieks of rage, or as if a convocation of demons from the bottomless pit had assembled to exult over some fresh victim hurried to perdition. He knew that executions had become so common in Paris that they produced but little excitement amongst the populace, and he imagined that some fresh revolution had broken out, or the struggle of one party had achieved a victory by the murders perpetrated on their opponents. But he was mistaken. It was indeed a pitiable spectacle. A body of the National Guards took the

lead, and cleared the way amongst the *sans-culottes* and the lower orders of women, who almost blocked up every avenue, raising the cries which he had heard. Next came a common wine-cooper's cart, in which stood a female with her hands tied behind her, her face calm and undismayed ; and there was at times even a look of pity on her countenance as some infuriated wretch raised her voice louder than the rest with imprecations and insults, or offered disgustingly offensive injury to the condemned. She looked for a moment or two towards the Tuileries ; and the circumstance being observed by the mob, they again rent the air with infuriated yells. Her eyes for an instant seemed to quail—her lips quivered—an emotion of deep distress shook her frame — a gloom of agonising sorrow passed across her features ; but, collecting her wasting energies, she struggled against the impassioned feelings that were overwhelming her fortitude, and she was again firm.

Clairfait followed the procession, but he could not get near the scaffold ; though at a distance he was enabled to distinguish the unfortunate female, as with an unshaken step she ascended the place of execution, and her white neck was laid bare. Then arose fresh shouts



and execrations, united with obscene language and disgusting practices, that even savages might have supposed the Divine Being had given up the populace to cruel flintiness of heart. At length the victim was prostrated—the axe of the guillotine fell, and Marie Antoinette—for it was the Queen—changed a corruptible diadem that had pierced her brow with thorns, for a bright and glorious crown of happiness and immortality in Heaven.

Clairfait saw his advantage—he was dressed much superior to the general run of the Parisians; but this would have been against him, had it not been for his commanding figure and bold, unflinching, yet handsome countenance, that rendered him conspicuous above the rest; and the mob rejoiced at witnessing one whom they considered as belonging to the higher classes joining in their depravity. Still, at first, there were murmurs of dislike and hostility; but Clairfait snatched the moment when thousands of eyes were directed towards him, and throwing away his hat high in the air, he tore the symbol of revolution from the head of a bystander, and placed it on his own, as with loud, sonorous, but musical voice, he shouted “A bas les Aristocrats!—Vive la Nation!”



All beheld the act, and treated it with thunders of applause: his costume was English, his appearance English, and they viewed it as the acknowledgment by a foreigner of the triumph of their infernal principles. Jumping on a pedestal, he briefly addressed them in terms suited to the ears of such sanguinary monsters, inciting them to renewed acts of bloodshed and butchery; he pointed to the statue of Liberty, which, with singular inconsistency, was erected as the presiding genius over the place of execution, and invoked the slaves to their own ferocious passions to massacre and destroy in the sacred name of freedom. Nor were other victims wanting; for when infuriated rage seeks to glut its thirst for human gore, there is but feeble discrimination between friend or foe,—the tiger heeds not whether his prey is one of his own, or belonging to another species. The man who had lost his cap reclaimed it; but this, amongst levellers, was considered as presumption: he demanded, and struggled for it—was laughed at by his associates, till, rendered desperate by resistance, he drew his knife, and would have stabbed;—in less than five minutes the unhappy wretch was writhing in the convulsive

pangs of death as his body hung suspended from the branch of a tree in the garden of the Tuileries.

From that moment Clairfait became the leader of a revolutionary mob; and his atrocities marked him out as a fit person for such a damnable office. When the Girondists, through their temerity in one instance, and their pusillanimity in another, were led to the scaffold, Clairfait's fiends hunted them out like bloodhounds true to the scent, and gave them up to destruction: he headed the rabble when the heroic wife of Roland fell beneath the gory axe; and he was mainly instrumental to the indignities and cruelties practised on the aged Bailly, who had been almost idolised as mayor of Paris. His physical influence over the mob began to excite alarm in the breasts of those who wished to reign paramount, and, to get rid of him, he was presented with the commission of a lieutenant in the Army of the North, and was sent to assist Couthon and Collet d'Herbois in their work of hellish infamy at Lyons. Here he was found a fit instrument to accelerate destruction; he revelled in human carnage—he indulged to very excess in debauchery and wickedness. It was about this time he became attached to Laison as a partisan; and the reader

will call to remembrance the recognition of his features in the house of the burgomaster at Dort, and its results, as well as the subsequent transaction when he was town-major of Rotterdam.

But we must now return to the cottage on the night of Clairfait's departure, where the alarm which had been given excited such general consternation that no one could be found hardy enough to venture out alone; and it was not till the domestics were armed, that young Acheson, issuing from his bedroom apparently as if he had only that moment been disturbed, led them to the garden: but Miss Alicia, who had soon recovered from the fit, had found means to gain her chamber unobserved, so that nothing was discovered but the unfortunate pony, who had made his last kick. The whole affair was attributed to the marauders on the coast. Mr. Acheson gave strict injunctions not to allow a stranger near the grounds; but never using any personal inspection to ascertain whether his orders were obeyed, they were thought no more of, and his son soon after joining a ship of the line, things resumed pretty much their old and accustomed track.

It was about this time that Lieutenant

Edmonds paid them a short visit at the cottage, previous to embarking at Portsmouth with his regiment to join the forces under the Duke of York in Holland. His cousin Amelia was just at the age when the heart receives its most delightful and never-to-be-forgotten impressions. In the days of his boyhood, she had been his pretty infantile playmate; as he approached nearer to manhood they met but seldom, but each meeting was a renewal of innocent enjoyment and pleasure. Three years had elapsed since their last interview, and now Amelia appeared before the young officer in the full perfection of youthful beauty, yet still retaining that playful fondness which had in former times rendered them almost inseparable companions. The mere likings of childhood, however, had become even more matured than her person; she had fondly treasured the memorials of her cousin in her inmost heart, and now when she beheld him in manly vigour, arrayed in his splendid dress as a defender of his country's honour, her feelings ripened into the fulness of strong affection. Still, Edmonds did not respond to the sentiments of the beautiful girl; nor indeed was he aware of the extent to which she cherished the passion. He behaved to her with his usual kindness: they

rambled together amongst the picturesque scenery of that part of the island ; they rode to other places in search of views to please the fancy ; but the spot to which they were chiefly attached was the natural terrace in front of the anchorite's cave—there they sat for hours in sweet converse, or listening to the counsel of the recluse, who was as great a favourite with the young ladies as she was the aversion of their aunt.

After the departure of Edmonds, his cousin Amelia (sometimes attended by her sister and Miss Waldegrave, but more frequently alone) would occupy the seat where they had sat side by side heedless of the swift flight of the day ; but now the very minutes hung heavily and dull, and the recluse became aware of that deep, strong, deathless passion which threatened to destroy the budding happiness of the young female. She would have endeavoured to check the feeling had it been only in its infancy ; but it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her years, till it had become bound up as a part and parcel of her very existence, and therefore all that the recluse could do was to watch over and to guide its operations.

Winter brought with it its tempestuous

gales and chilling blasts : the shattered ships were seen driving before the raging winds and foaming seas, vainly trying for a friendly port ; the adventurous pilot and the still more daring smuggler were now exercised in the full employment of their occupation, and boldly launched their diminutive vessels, the former to rescue the giants of the deep from their threatened fate, the latter to run their contraband cargoes without fear of the revenue. Mr. Acheson seldom stirred abroad—he shrunk from the cold—even his meals were taken in his own apartments, and the young ladies might just as well have been orphans for any society they enjoyed with their parent, whose taciturn and secluded habits had been repulsive to the extension of friendly visits from the gentry of the island. Thus, but for the amusements and indulgences which wealth could procure, and which certainly were lavishly provided, monotony, if it did not produce contentment, at least secured a calm tranquillity from the noise, the turmoil, the envy, or the malice of the world. Books, music, even newspapers, were in abundance, and anxiously did Amelia peruse the columns of the latter under the hope of gaining some intelligence of her cousin Edmonds, though trembling alarm

would at times hold its sway as she feared to see his name amongst either the killed or the wounded.

It was a night of storm, and darkness hung its pall-like canopy over the ocean; the gale howled fiercely—the sea dashed and broke, groaning and roaring as if with the extremity of its own agony. Nothing but blackness met the most ardent gaze, except when some mountain-wave, crested with sparkling foam like the white plumage on the warrior's casque, dashed vengefully upon the pointed buckler of the rocky shore that opposed a barrier to its wrathful mood; then would the breakers send forth their myriads of scintillations, as if the whole order of nature had become reversed, and the ocean below was spreading abroad the bright orbs that were no longer visible in the heavens above.

But, see! there is a flash; and now a booming hollow roar is heard, carrying out the delusion still further. The waters are sending forth the red lightning, accompanied by the hoarse voice which has been so aptly compared to a “bloody trumpet.” Again it pierces the dense gloom, and again the thunder bellows. Ah! no, it is not the artillery of elemental warfare, but the signal-guns of some hapless vessel in



distress, and the opening graves are yawning for their victims. But no traces beyond the flash and the report of the cannon can be seen of the fated craft from the shore. Still, that is enough to draw the bold seamen to the beach, some under the hope of rendering assistance to the unfortunate, but many from the still stronger desire of profiting by plunder from the wreck. Torches are blazing—a fire is kindled in one of the recesses of the cliff; the red hue streams through the dense gloom, imparting a supernatural appearance to the groups that are standing near or moving to and fro; and, oh! how many anxious hearts are wishing they were near its cheering blaze, as they gaze at it from the doomed ship! No boat can venture through the incessant and furious rolling of the surf—no assistance can be extended to those who would willingly render it. Even the intrepid Dawes stands cowering with his hands arched above his eyes, straining his sight to catch a glimpse of the condition of that once proud fabric which now lies writhing and groaning on the rocks, like some poor condemned wretch suffering the horrible infliction of the rack. And there, too, amidst the daring band, who look upon her with respectful awe, appears the anchorite, to



encourage them in their exertions, to share their perils, and to succour those who may be fortunate enough to reach the shore.

“Is there no hope for the poor sufferers?” inquired she of Dawes, whom she had led into the interior of the cave away from the roaring blast; “is it not possible to afford them aid?”

“No boat could live to head such a surf,” answered Dawes. “Was it in any way an act of possibility, Jeannette, you wouldn’t see me stand idly here ashore whilst there was a chance of getting a good salvage afloat. I’d defy the devil himself to keep the boat eend-on in such overtopping breakers as them there!”

“They are on the rocks too,” said Jeannette, “if I may judge the spot by the flashes from the guns. In such a night as this the ship must go to pieces; and how many immortal souls may be hurried unprepared into the presence of the great Judge of quick and dead!”

“Why, ay, mother, it will be sharp work with them,” responded the smuggler. “There’s no running a bit of contraband into t’other world, I take it; the papers must be all as correct as a reg’lar manifest to pass the Dieu-aniers aloft.”

“Mix not thus things sacred and profane

together," exclaimed the recluse. "Will not the voice of the Almighty tame your hardened nature, and lead you to think of your past misdeeds?"

"Come, come, Jeannette, you're always ap-  
pelting a poor fellow with his sins," returned Dawes impatiently. "And as for a gale o' wind being the voice of the A'mighty, why, I'm thinking, if it is so, we've had many an hour's chat together afore to-night.—But I haven't got time to talk about such things now. I know you're a kind-hearted soul, Jeannette,—one as wishes to do the right thing by everybody; but it's precious hard to be rated no better than a rogue every time you fall athwart me."

"I mean you no ill, Dawes, but rather good," responded the recluse more soothingly. "But hark how those melancholy signals reverberate against the cliff! and yet we have no power to save."

Gun after gun resounded, but still nothing could be seen of the vessel from whence the reports came, till a partial clearing of the sky to seaward showed them a black mass over which the waves were breaking fiercely, and the firing ceased altogether. Broken spars, with rigging and rent sails attached to them,

came drifting along the shores of the bay, and were speedily hauled up by the hardy seamen. Next came larger pieces of wreck, shattered and riven timbers, deck planks and beams, but too plainly announcing the destruction of all who had been on board that fated bark.

The officers of the revenue, well mounted, were on the beach superintending the operations; and the persons engaged in the labour contented themselves with hauling things on shore without resorting to plunder: but as the rising moon, though concealed by clouds, shed more light upon the scene, bales and casks, cases and trunks, came floating into the bay, and the wreckers then began to manifest their determined character. The revenue officers were few in number, but well armed: their opponents (for such they were shortly to become) were numerous, and though they appeared to be without weapons, yet there was scarcely one who had not a pistol or some other instrument either for offence or defence secreted about his person and ready for instant use. Some of the casks contained spirits, amongst which was that maddening stuff arrack; and one of these latter was speedily broached, and the pernicious liquor greedily swallowed. The effects very soon began to be manifest

by intoxication, that inflamed and brutalised without deadening the faculties. The officers endeavoured to put a stop to the evil by "seizing" the casks in the magic of his Majesty's name, trusting that legal authority would be respected; but the wreckers, though at first apparently obedient and yielding, yet were soon overpowered by intemperance and the false thirst that it creates, and resolutely attacked the casks, setting the officers at utter defiance. Threats were bandied to and fro—blows were exchanged, but numerical strength prevailed.

"There will be some blood-letting here, Jeannette," said Dawes to the recluse; "them officers will provoke retaliation,—and what's the use o' their being so stingy? Why not let the fellows drink their fill?—they can't take much, and it will save the cases and trunks from being broke open. But 'wilful men must have their way,' as the saying is, and presently the dragoons will be down; for I saw one of the officers ride off, no doubt to fetch 'em. We shall have some hot work of it before it's all over."

"Do you think every soul has perished that was on board the ship?" inquired the recluse. "Is there not the slightest hope that one may have been saved?"

“It’s hard for me to say anything about their souls,” returned Dawes, “seeing as I had no charge of their consciences ; but as for their bodies, you may take my word for it that they are as dead as King Solomon—not a creature is saved.”

“May the God of mercy receive them to his heavenly rest !” solemnly uttered the recluse. “For them, then, nothing can be done. And here—here are the living, with the awful warning before their eyes, plunging into excess and outraging the forbearance of the Deity ! I fear it will be useless for me to remonstrate with them ; they have given themselves up to vile debauchery and excess—they are overcome by the temptation of the Evil Spirit.”

“Why ay, Jeannette, that vile arrack is evil spirit, you may well say,” exclaimed Dawes ; “it is the very devil sure-ly for burning a fellow’s throat. But perhaps a word or two from you might keep ’em in sumut like order.”

“It is the path of duty,” uttered the recluse enthusiastically, “and therefore I will pursue it—I will call upon them in the name of the Most Highest to desist !”

“Ah, do, Jeannette, try and persuade ’em to knock off resisting the officers,” urged Dawes.

“They may pick up many an odd article upon the sly and bury it out of the way; but if they gets to fighting, every house will be sarched, and we shall have a mark set upon the Mouse-hole Cove for the next six months, so that there’ll be no doing a bit o’ business for love nor money.”

“Oh, what is human nature !” thought Jeanette; “how insensate and depraved ! Even this man would think but little of the sacrifice of his fellow-creatures, as long as it did not threaten to embarrass his illegal traffic. But I must hasten to warn; though I fear my admonitions will be of no avail.”

Dawes had contemplated a rich harvest of plunder, and the smugglers almost to a man were perfectly sober, awaiting the commands of their leader Petitoes; but most of the fishermen and agricultural labourers were frantically drunk,—nor were their wives far behind them in mad intoxication, whilst they greatly exceeded their husbands in violent demonstrations. Cases and trunks were broken open—bales were cut, and the most valuable of their contents destroyed or carried off. The officers rode in amongst the groups; but though they succeeded for the moment in dispersing them, they almost immediately rallied again over their prey,

which strewed every part of the shore, and the work of plunder was persevered in. Hitherto fire-arms had not been used, the flat of the sword and the rush of the horses having the effect of forcing a retreat; but the frequency and harmlessness of these assaults rendered them of less alarm and influence to the parties attacked, and the numbers of the latter greatly increasing, pistols were produced, at first to overawe, but ultimately for a more deadly purpose. The fishermen, uncontrolled by the threatened danger,—indeed, from being bereft of reason, almost unconscious of its presence,—became more furious and wild; and it was at this moment, when the officers on the one hand and the wreckers on the other hand were preparing to fire, that the recluse ran in amongst the latter and endeavoured—uselessly endeavoured—to restrain them.

“Rash, misguided men, forbear!” exclaimed she with the utmost pitch of her voice. “Would you shed each other’s blood? would you commit murder? Put up your weapons, and take not that life which you cannot give.” But her words were wafted away on the rushing wings of the gale—they were scarcely heard, and, as a matter of consequence, were unheeded: and had it been otherwise, it is more than pro-



bable that the ear of the drunkard would have prompted the tongue of the scoffer. "Oh!" thought she, as she viewed the unhappy wretches wallowing in brutal intoxication,— "how horrible is this!—man, created in the image of his Maker, defiling the living temple of the immortal soul, and degrading himself below the beasts that perish, whilst the Deity himself is proclaiming aloud his majesty and might, and the never-dying spirits of our fellow-creatures have been hurried, perhaps without preparation, from time into eternity!"

"To the Cove!—to the Cove!" shouted Dawes, who having been for several minutes in communication with the officers, now hastened amongst those who might be considered his more immediate followers. "Pass the word, my lads, 'To the Cove!' and bear a hand all of you after me." He instantly led the way to the appointed spot, and was soon surrounded by a daring and resolute band, prompt to execute any and every command that their chief would give. The bold smuggler had prudently calculated the probable results of the hostile demonstrations: he was well aware that the dragoons would be no respecters of persons—that all hopes of obtaining booty would be immediately stopped on their arrival, and therefore his

ready genius devised a scheme by which he trusted to be enabled to prevent a collision that would render the place too notorious, as well also to profit by the cupidity of the wreckers. Under the lee of a rock whose jagged pinnacles towered several feet above their heads assembled the hardy group, in strength of frame and symmetry of form some of the finest specimens of the children of the storm.

“Where’s Gingerbread Jem?” shouted Dawes; and the response announcing his presence was instantly given. “Attend, lads, and let us have no mistake. The wreckers are well loaded with plunder of all kinds; and if they get nabbed by the dragoons, I need not tell you there’ll be no chance for honest men to come in for a share, seeing as, ’twixt the grabs and the philistines, they’ll man-handle all they can lay hould on for their precious selves.—Gingerbread Jem, Cockleshell Jack, Cheeks the marine, Coldtoast, Barleybroth, General Elliott, Fardentoss, and Buttonhole Bob, get your divisions together, and then detach them in parties of twos and threes to carry off them drunken swabs by main force if they won’t go peaceably. Remember, lads, it’s all for the good of the sarvice, for, as subjects

of his Majesty, we gets our living by free trade; so I say, 'Long life to it!' anyhow. Now, as the wreckers arn't come honestly by what they've got, and it's no harm robbing a thief, as soon as you gets well clear of the coast, why just lighten 'em of their cargoes, and, honour bright! bring all you can scrape together to Toad-in-the-hole, where Sugarplum and Skyrocket will be ready to receive it. So, my lads, you see, the wreckers will get the credit of thieving, and we shall enjoy the plunder; and d—— the word dare they snitch about it, for fear of their own breath getting jammed in the windpipe!—I'll do the officers brown, never fear: so now bear a hand—every man to his duty, and don't forget what you owes to your country by taking care of yourselves."

The orders were readily comprehended, and promptly obeyed. The wreckers, encumbered with their spoils and overpowered by intemperance, were easily captured by the smugglers, who carried them off into the fields, where they punctually complied with their instructions. The revenue officers remained utterly neuter for some time, preferring to leave the whole management of the affair in the hands of the intrepid Dawes, who secretly encouraged the

marauders to load themselves with whatever of value they could pick up, and then consigned them over to his men. But a strong body of the more sober amongst the plunderers, and who had reaped a rich harvest, determined to resist the encroachments on what they considered their privileged, if not their just rights, and a desperate conflict took place, in which pistols and bayonets and other weapons were freely used. Some fell to rise no more,—others were dangerously wounded; and as the numbers increased on both sides, the most horrible slaughter was anticipated, when the recluse, her white dress and long hair streaming in the gale, fearlessly hurried over the beach to the scene of contention; and as she appeared between the parties, the flames of the torches throwing an unnatural glare upon her figure, the combatants experienced a momentary check from the influences of superstitious awe: but it was only momentary, — the fiercer passions again raged — the wreckers and the smugglers once more closed, and, unhappily, the generous and noble-minded Jeannette was at the same moment stabbed with a bayonet and pierced by a pistol-ball. Dawes saw the act, which was perfectly unintentional on the part of the stabber as far as the recluse was con-

cerned, and he ran towards her just in time to prevent her falling to the ground. Without an instant's delay, Petitoes ordered four of the smugglers to convey the unfortunate female to her habitation ; and he sent to Mr. Acheson to inform him of the event which had occurred, well knowing that, though proper assistance might be obtained for Jeannette, there was but little expectation of the magistrate himself coming forth on such a night as that was.

Daybreak began to appear—the dragoons arrived and prevented further demolition. Mr. Acheson made an attempt to face the gale, but shrunk from its piercing keenness with all the terrified forebodings of hypochondriacism ; but the young ladies, escorted by domestics, were early at the recess in the cliff, carrying with them whatever was deemed requisite to administer to the wants of poor Jeannette, whom they found in a state of insensibility. But she was not unattended : to their surprise, a venerable and aged man, whose snowy beard fell down upon his breast, and whose silvery locks bespoke many years of pilgrimage, was bending over the apparently dying recluse. He was habited in a loose flowing robe of grey serge, belted round the loins with sackcloth ; he wore the ancient

sandals of the East ; and at his back was a small harp, reminding the spectator of the descriptions of the hoary harpers of former days, — though many such have been within these few years, and probably may still be seen in Wales. Where he had come from — when or how, no one could tell ; but there he was, not a being having perceived his entrance till he stood by the pallet of the wounded female. He did not speak—he made no sign, but seemed resolute in remaining where he was ; nor did any one molest him.—Restoratives were administered to the recluse—surgical assistance was procured ; and when Amelia and her companions took their departure, they enjoyed the satisfaction of leaving Jeannette restored to consciousness, and received assurances from the skilful practitioner that neither of the wounds were mortal, though great quiet and care were required to prevent fatal consequences.

On first recovering from stupor, the recluse seemed agitated and alarmed at the sight of the aged man ; but she soon grew more composed, and requested him to remain with her and pass his time in prayer. He complied with the request ; and so mild and unassuming were his manners—so harmonious

were the utterances of his voice, although it no longer retained its full-toned, manly powers—so fervent were his petitions, and eloquent his language, that he won upon the affections of all who visited poor Jeannette. Daily were the young ladies punctual in their attendance; and on one or two occasions, Aunt Alicia accompanied them; but her stay was but of short duration, as her presence seemed to distress the invalid, and some acrimonious words had more than once passed between them, the exact purport of which, however, was unknown except to themselves. The doctor gave strong hopes of Jeannette's recovery; but she was aged, and nature had undergone many severe trials in her younger years; so that after lingering several months in pain, her constitution gave way, and she closed her eyes in death, bequeathing the small store in her possession to the venerable man, who thenceforth took up his abode in the recess of the cliff.

Many were the sorrowing hearts and moistened cheeks that followed the humble Jeannette to the tomb. The neighbouring peasantry had derived numerous benefits from her hand, and nearly the whole of the inhabitants resident within the neighbourhood of the bay,



even the young ladies from the cottage, attended the obsequies of one who had been a friend to all. Solemn and impressive as was the funeral service, it was far eclipsed by the affectionate appeal of the venerable hermit, who, in language exquisitely chaste and beautiful, though delivered in a feeble, tremulous voice, described the deathbed of the Christian, and directed their minds to the blessed reward of the believer. He noticed his past friendship with the deceased before the blight of sorrow had brought a premature winter on his heart,—he commented on her virtues and her devotion to suffering humanity as worthy the emulation of the survivors, and drew a glowing picture of the everlasting rest of peace and happiness appointed for the faithful in this probationary world. There was not one who left the precincts of that lowly grave without feeling that the respect they had hitherto cherished for the amiable recluse was transferred to her aged representative, the venerable Anchorite of the Cliff.

The sequel proved it; for never did individual gain more upon the esteem of his fellow-creatures than the new resident of the rocky cave: and in the course of a short time, Amelia was to be found as frequently as she

ever had been upon the projecting ledge in front of the recess, and on most occasions she repaired to him for counsel in her emergencies and vexations. The recluse had been kind ; but there was a rigidity in her manner, and often a harshness in her chiding, that pained the mind. But Father Ambrose (for such was either the real or assumed name of the anchorite) was mild and gentle in all things, drawing men from evil rather by affection than severity. That he had once moved in the highest circles did not admit of a doubt: he knew much of the history of many of the principal families in the country, and his conversation always manifested a purity and an elegance that could have been acquired only by intercourse with polished society.

But a change was at hand ! The Honourable Mr. Wentworth was gathered to his fathers; and by his death the immense estates of that house were added to the already great wealth of the Achesons, and the personal property was to accompany the estates on the condition that the name of Acheson was abandoned and that of Wentworth substituted by every member of the family. The wish of the testator was com-

plied with — the desired name was legally assumed, and the arrangements necessary for the purpose of taking possession had the effect of inducing Mr. Acheson to emerge from the retirement in which he had been so long obscured, and to shake off the indolence and inactivity in which he had so long indulged.

Shortly after this event, another circumstance occurred equally calculated to awaken his energies and keep them in operation. This was a general election ; and he was emphatically exhorted to exercise all his interest and influence in favour of the Pitt administration, so as to give them an overpowering majority in the House of Commons. Attached to the principles of the Constitution, and fearing that a period had arrived which called for bold and resolute men to steer the vessel of the state amid the dangers that threatened, he at once became the zealous partisan and worked with unwearied diligence in the cause of ministers : his boroughs, his influence, his purse, were unspared, and he was by his powerful exertions enabled to throw a considerable accession of strength into the ministerial party, and an earldom (but without a secondary title) was the reward of his labour.

It was a new era in the existence of the young ladies. They entered warmly into the spirit of their father : it gave them some knowledge of the mighty world ; and though still remaining at the Pleasance, it was constantly full of company, and they delighted in seeing the change which had been produced in his lordship's mode of life. The most splendid of the habitations bequeathed by Mr. Wentworth was a remarkably fine Gothic edifice, (of which there are now but few remaining in the kingdom,) standing on the northern coast of Devonshire, and thither the newly-created nobleman removed with his family. The wild and romantic grandeur of the scenery, together with the novelty of the change, kept alive for a time the feelings that had been awakened in his lordship's breast. He accompanied his daughters in their excursions, acted with becoming hospitality to his neighbours, and pleasing hopes were entertained that the lethargy into which he had formerly become so deeply involved was gone for ever ; and probably this would have been the case, could they have prevailed upon him to winter in the metropolis, so as to have kept up by association that animation of temperament which

was calculated to subdue dejection. But Aunt Alicia, who saw in the restoration of her brother a diminution of her own authority, forbore to throw into the balance the weight of her persuasions, and a long dreary season setting in, the earl unfortunately relapsed into his hypochondriacal habits, though not to that extreme imbecility of intellect which unhappily had characterised his previous affliction.

No one more deeply regretted the departure of the Wentworths from the Wight than Father Ambrose; in fact, the visits of the young ladies had in a great measure become essential to his happiness,—their presence seemed to afford him a renewal of vitality. All shared his regard; but he seemed most attached to Miss Waldegrave,—though Amelia possessed his greatest confidence. At parting, the aged hermit was affected even to tears; and as he dispensed his blessing on their heads, his voice grew tremulous with emotion, and his limbs trembled with agitating distress. Nor was he to be forgotten or neglected during their absence: strict directions were left with the housekeeper at the Pleasance, not only to supply his wants, but also to administer to his comforts; whilst the smuggler Dawes was

requested to watch over his welfare, so that he might not suffer molestation from the rude uncultivated inhabitants of the bay.

Young Acheson, now the Honourable Charles Wentworth, scarcely needed this accession of wealth to inflate his consummate pride, which rendered him despicable in the estimation of his superiors, the subject of ridicule amongst his messmates, and an object of dislike to the seamen. Relying on the powerful interest of his father to obtain his commission as soon as he had served his time, the youth paid but little attention to the acquisition of that necessary knowledge which alone could constitute him a clever navigator and a thorough practical seaman, or even to obtain sufficient information to give directions as an officer. He knew that reefing was to reduce a sail, and he had seen the operation repeatedly, but he could no more superintend it so as to be certain of its being well performed than he could fly; he had looked on whilst the cables were being spliced, but he was totally ignorant which way to pass the strands, supposing that it had been requisite for him to direct the men; he was aware of the necessity of tending a ship at single anchor, but which way to sheer her, so as to keep her from fouling, he was

as guiltless of as the man in the moon ; and as for clearing hawse, the whole was perfect mystery to him. He could repeat the names of the standing and running rigging, but that was nearly all, for he could neither clap a shroud over a mast-head, nor reeve a brace or a halliard. As for his navigation, he brought up his quadrant with the rest of the young gentlemen at seven bells, and knew how to find the latitude by observation within a handful of miles ; but his day's work not unfrequently placed the ship some half degree or more inland when she was yet upon the wide ocean.

Still, the Honourable Mr. Wentworth preserved the strict line of etiquette it was necessary for an officer to observe. His dress was always conspicuously neat and handsome ; he wore white kerseymere knee-breeches with gold knee-buckles and silk stockings in his day-watches, and such an enormity as a round jacket never embraced his person ; he was studiously attentive to the touching of his hat whenever he appeared on his Majesty's quarter-deck ; his salute to the captain and lieutenants was in strict accordance with general usage, and he exacted from his subordinates all the outward marks of respect with



rigorous severity. If he had charge of a boat, no one was allowed to open his lips even in whispering conversation ; nor would he permit one of them to land,—so that the poor fellows were often compelled to return on board, after a hard pull, parched with thirst, and doubly weary with toil. He was wakeful and vigilant in his watch at night, and he found incessant means of annoying the watch should any of them have the presumption to try and compose himself to slumber. In short, he bade fair to become a perfect epitome of tyranny, with scarcely one redeeming quality to render him esteemed by the men.

Happily, there were not many of this description in the Royal Navy ; yet there were some who were a disgrace to humanity, whose greatest pleasure seemed to be derived from the exercise of brutality over the people that were under them,—six and seven-dozen captains, to whom a bleeding back was a pretty picture, and who considered a left-handed boatswain's mate a valuable acquisition. It is earnestly to be hoped such things will never occur again.

Charles Wentworth had only once visited his family since the elevation of his father, and then but for a short time. He was delighted

with the opening beauty of Miss Waldegrave, whom he looked upon as destined at some future period to become his wife ; and we must do him the justice to say, he was a great admirer of female loveliness, though inconstant and unsettled in the few attachments he had formed. An opportunity offering for him to go out to North America in an aristocratic seventy-four, he availed himself of it ; though there was some lingering inclination to quit the service, and devote himself to the luxuries of the shore. However, on maturer consideration, he deemed it most advisable to remain his time for the purpose of obtaining his commission, as it would be the first step, whether at sea or on land, to future promotion ; for he entertained no doubt of ultimately rising to the higher grades through services which would expose him to neither inconvenience nor danger.

Thus stood affairs when Lord Wentworth, urged by his sister, and desirous of bringing out the young ladies, quitted Devonshire for the neighbourhood of the metropolis. And the journey produced a very beneficial effect on his lordship's mind : enlivening company dispelled the moody morbidness under which at times he fearfully laboured ; the change of scene and the occasional bustle of business removed

the heavy weight of oppression which burthened his mental faculties. Still, there were periods when his nervous system was so dreadfully deranged that the utmost care was requisite for his management ; and when anything more than ordinary agitated him, his impulses were of the most strange and extraordinary character.

The introduction of our hero to the Wentworths has already been narrated ; and we must now pass on to the time, when, influenced by his sister, who dreaded the punishment of the law upon her favourite, his lordship took a hasty flight with his son to the Pleasance in the Isle of Wight, where the heir to an earldom slunk away from the expected consequences of his brutality. In a few days afterwards, Captain Edmonds escorted the young ladies to the cottage ; and during the journey his affectionate solicitude for the future welfare and happiness of his cousin Amelia raised her heart and her hopes to the very pinnacle of happiness : still he made no mention of love,—that love which fills the ardent soul with inexpressible joy, yet mingles pain with the sweetened draught of pleasure. His stay at the cottage was very brief. Charles was said to be absent,—but he was, in fact, in his own apartment, as

he had no relish for the condemnation of the captain : his lordship was fast relapsing into imbecility ; Aunt Alicia's authority was more firmly fixed than ever ; and Edmonds, with grief and anger, pictured to himself much misery for his fair cousins. But the hour of parting arrived, and the almost heart-broken Amelia clung round the neck of the young soldier as he strained her to his breast : one word—only one word, such as she wished to hear, would have buoyed her up amidst the sorrow which threatened to overwhelm her ; but he spoke it not, and the farewell was uttered by the agonised Amelia as if she cherished the idea that they would never meet again. In another week Edmonds embarked with his regiment for India, where he was present in all those brilliant achievements which laid the foundation of his colonel's future fame.

The gratification of the anchorite was extreme at again enjoying the society of the sisters ; but he manifested evident symptoms of disappointment when he ascertained the absence of Miss Waldegrave. Charles Wentworth did not remain long on shore ; his ship was ordered to the Mediterranean ; and so unamiable had he rendered himself to all, that

but little regret was expressed even by his aunt at his departure. Caroline shortly afterwards joined the party at the Pleasance, but no longer the shrinking child terrified by the violence of her guardian's sister : a few months' separation had wrought an entire change, and though respectful in her demeanour to Miss Alicia, yet the young lady acted with firmness, determined to enjoy something like a will of her own.

## CHAPTER III.

Vouchsafe to those who have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them ; and of such as have  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented.

SHAKSPEARE.

WE must now pass over a period of four years, during which both the Honourable Charles Wentworth and our hero obtained their commissions ; and whilst the former retired upon his half-pay to enjoy the luxuries of the shore, the latter still fagged on unweariedly in a service that he ardently loved. Captain Yorick had voluntarily quitted *Le Cerf* at the period of the mutiny at Spithead ; his ship's company joined the mutineers, and their commander summoned them to the quarter-deck. It was a scene of intense interest. There stood Yorick by the wheel, his fine countenance expressive of mingled emotions — indignation, sorrow, and hope. He was greatly beloved by his people ; they saw in him the ready, skilful

seaman, and the daring, bold and intrepid leader. Near him were his officers, one of whom in particular was obnoxious to the men for his acts of tyranny—some asserted, cruelty; but when was a tyrant merciful? The lieutenant in question was not without his fears of retaliation; he was apprehensive of receiving personal insult and degradation, perhaps accompanied by personal violence: yet the *esprit de corps* did not forsake him; animal courage he was by no means deficient in, and he proudly looked defiance at his enemies. Impatience and hauteur characterised the other lieutenants; the midshipmen relied implicitly upon their captain, feeling safe whilst under his protection; the master, a thorough tar of the old school, fretted and fumed, sometimes ejaculating a sort of half acknowledgment that the men had been goaded into revolt, and then heartily “d——ing them for a set of mutinous rascals as disgraced themselves and the planks they trod upon.” The surgeon looked patiently on; whilst the purser, whose nipping propensities were by no means forgotten, stood abaft the mizen-mast, screwing up his mouth, and fidgetting first on one leg and then on the other, as if he was suffering severely from an attack of bowel complaint. The warrants—the nose-



gays of the navy, who had obtained their rank by hard servitude before the mast, could not help old remembrances ; and whilst their hearts were with the men, they did not dare do otherwise than stick by their order. The boatswain had been a tartar—the agent and the instrument of tyranny : and, indeed, in those days the treatment which the men received was anything but that which was calculated to make them like the King's service. Mere boys, with scarcely a glimmering of knowledge of their profession, would raise their hands and strike a veteran who had nobly served his country and bled in her defence. When the hands were turned up, boatswain's mates were stationed at each hatchway to freshen their way on deck by starting them with rope's ends and rattans. Accidents were constantly occurring ; there was a system of severity highly disgraceful to human beings. Yet when the British ensign was hoisted in the presence of an enemy, not a man shrunk from his post.

But where was our old friend the gunner ? He chose a sort of neutral ground, midway between the rebels and their indignant commander ; and he acted as a sort of pivot to the master as he paced the deck with irregular strides, sometimes stopping short against Mr.

Blocks, and venting the vexation of his spirit in anathemas, and then gratifying his spleen by listening to the imprecations of the gunner, who called down anything but blessings on the visual organs of "Billy Pitt." This of course was in a very subdued tone—a sort of audible whisper, heard only by the parties themselves.

And there about the mainmast and the forepart of the quarter-deck, as far aft as the Jacob's ladders, clustered the men, some looking mighty queer and sheepish, and others with countenances that nothing could change or daunt, as if resolutely determined to go through the work they had begun. The greater portion, however, seemed overawed by the presence of the captain, and frequently gave him sidelong glances to catch the expression of his face and see what he was likely to be at. Yorick let them stand for several minutes till their position became uneasy from suspense; and then coolly mounting the sky-light, he swept his eyes over the assembled company, and a dark scowl hung upon his brow. "And so, my men," said he with calm deliberation, "you have thought proper to set discipline at defiance, and to outrage the laws of your country! Yes, my men——*My* men—no! you are not *my* men, for then you would have stood by

your captain, and have shown to the fleet that you looked up to him for protection against injury.—Men !—no, you are not men ; you are mutinous rascals, who have hove overboard every manly principle !—Here I stand to accuse you of one of the worst of crimes that seamen can be guilty of,—that of rebellion against the duty you owe your country. That 's my text ! England stands pre-eminent in naval glory ;—the British ensign is triumphant wherever it is hoisted ! Who has placed her in that proud station—who has made her flag respected ?”—He paused a minute, whilst the glistening eyes of the tars seemed to respond to the question. He then proceeded,—“ It is the prowess of her blue-jackets has done this !” The compliment was just, and in the enthusiasm of the moment the people were about to cheer, but the voice of their commander thundered forth, “ Silence, fore and aft !—as mutineers, your cheers disgust me ;—it is the voice of treason from the tongues of traitors ! Be what you ever were till this moment ! return to your allegiance to your King—return to your obedience to your officers, and I will join your cheers—nay, more, I will give the signal and show the rebels that you dare be men.” There was a whispering amongst the ship's company, and many counte-

nances manifested great restlessness of purpose. Yorick saw it, and continued,—“ I was saying that England’s brave tars had made her what she is ; will you then disgrace the colour of your cloth—will you dowse your true blue?—will you give the enemies of your country an advantage—will you tell them that Britannia no longer rules the waves ?” No response was heard, though it was evident there was a mental struggle amongst the ringleaders. “ Who has prompted you to this ? what lubberly son of a —— has been pouring poison in your ears ? An enemy hath done this ! and will you strike to an enemy ? Your country has been proud of your services—will you make her blush for your treason ? You have nobly sustained your honour in the hour of peril—will you tarnish your good deeds by desertion ? Look at those colours,” pointing to the ensign, “ the emblem of your bravery ! the boast of your countrymen ! the genius that has presided over the hour of victory !—will you see it humbled before the tri-coloured rag—dowsed like a widow’s pig—trailed under the head-rails of a revolutionary craft ?” Here the excitement amongst the assembled seamen grew irresistible. At first there was a single monosyllable uttered, “ No :” it was repeated, went from mouth to

mouth till it swelled into one general utterance, and “No! we are ready to fight: show us the enemy, and they shall find we can stand by our colours to the last!”

“Hurrah!” shouted the animated gunner, and was quickly joined by the master; “Hurrah!—I told you so! D—n me, all’s right again!”

“Silence, officers!” roared Yorick; “and but that I respect your feelings, which I know from my own must be powerfully agitated, I should deem you fit objects for severe rebuke.” Then again turning to the people—“Men, will you return, then, to your duty?”

The excitement had in some measure subsided from its ebullition, and for a minute or two no answer was returned. The seamen looked at each other or hung down their heads, till a remarkably tall handsome man, about five-and-thirty years of age, after one or two essays at last stepped boldly out from among the rest. There was an instantaneous commotion, and a general buzz of approbation succeeded as every eye was directed towards him. A flush of anger rushed over Yorick’s features:—his first impulse was to spring upon the man and fell him to the deck; but an instant’s reflection served to deter him: he had himself

provoked the demonstration by his question, and proudly raising his head, he stood calmly awaiting the announcement of the tar ;—besides, Will Scott was one of the best behaved and most trustworthy men in the ship ; he was captain of the forecastle, and highly esteemed by both the officers and the crew. “ May I speak, yer honour ? ” asked Will, respectfully touching the forelock of his hair, for his straw hat was in his hand. Yorick bent in token of acquiescence ; and, whilst the most earnest attention prevailed, the seaman began,—“ I ain’t much skilled, yer honour, in the argyfication o’ things as is out o’ my knowledge, nor do I know how to make out long speeches ; but yer honour needs none o’ my calculations to tell you that which is laid down in your own chart of the human heart—that a man ’s a man, and has all the feelings of a man, whether he ounly bends a suit of jacket and trowsers, or sails large in his long togs and scraper :—Captain Yorick knows it arn’t the duds any more than it is the station where a seaman, whether officer or man, performs his dooty. As for yer honour, there ’s never a man, from the figure-head to the taffral, but loves and respects you, or as will dare to say, ‘ Black ’s the white o’ yer eye,’ seeing as you

have always treated us well—rewarding them as you promised to reward, and punishing them as desarved punishment. We've not none on us got nothing to say again' you, for a better captain never stepp'd 'twixt stem and starn, for tarring all hands with the same brush. But then, yer honour, we has our grievances; and I hopes it ull be no offence, yer honour, if I axes leave to speak out plainly a bit o' my mind in regard o' myself and my shipmates." Yorick shouted, "Go on, my man!"—"Well, then, yer honour," continued Will, whilst breathless silence pervaded the group of tars,—“Well, then, yer honour, it's just as this here—and I knows the posterior I places myself in by shoving myself forud,—I'm saying, yer honour, it's just as this here: we tries to do our dooty to the best of our 'billity—and nobody can do more;—we obeys orders whatsoever they may be, and in course, as a nat'ral consequence, we don't like ill usage: and, both God A'mighty and the devil knows, we have had a double allowance o' that sarved out to us lately by Muster ——.”

The officer, whose name had been uttered, eyed the speaker with proud disdain—his face reddened with anger, and he was about to interrupt the seaman in strong language,



when Captain Yorick turned to him and said, "Wait, sir; you shall have an opportunity—let us first hear what these mutinous rascals have to say."

"I am no mutinous rascal, Captain Yorick," responded Will Scott respectfully; "yer honour knows that 'rascal' don't belong to me. I stand here to claim—ay, to demand—my rights, and the rights of my shipmates, who have been suffering injury and oppression. I am doing that which yer honour would do, if, instead of being captain of this here frigate, you wore a blue jacket among the rest." Yorick felt this, for he was aware that there were many things in the service that required amendment and redress, and he himself had vainly endeavoured to induce the Admiralty to better the condition of the seamen. "Well, then, in course, yer honour, we wants to square the yards o' conscience by the lifts and braces of honesty; we wants better treatment from the officers—our full allowance of grub—the requests of the fleet complied with, and damnification for all chafes and rubs by the way; and, with all due honour and respect, we begs that you will send Muster —— out of the ship, in company with the boasun."

"Never!" shouted Yorick in a determined

tone. "If they have done you wrong, there are laws by which they may be tried. But do you think I would yield to intimidation—do you think I would punish an officer without a trial? I dare not do it—I will not do it; and if you persevere in your mutinous designs, I will leave you to your fate."

"Captain Yorick," said the seaman solemnly, "we have rove the yard-rope for them as misbehaves;" and he pointed to the fore-yard-arm. "We should be all sorry for you to leave us: ounly say that you will remain aboard, and every soul fore and aft shall obey orders or suffer for it. Grant our requests, and—"

"Out of your own mouth will I judge you, my man," returned Yorick, rather impatiently interrupting him. "You have rove a yard-rope to preserve discipline—thereby showing the impossibility of carrying on the war without it: how, then, can your officers expect to keep the people in order but by strictness and attention?"

"But not cruelty, yer honour," responded Will; "and that 's the thing as we complains on. Howsomever, we are detarmined to stand by one another—meaning no disparagement to yer honour, who, we hopes, will keep command of the ship."

“Not an hour—not a minute longer than I find you remain obedient to your officers,” returned Yorick. “You fancy that this mutiny is raised by upright minds who have your good in view. No such thing—it is your enemies that have urged it on! Look at your country battling the watch with a nation that ardently longs for the dominion of the seas:—will you then madly desert your duty,—will you see the ensign union downwards and yet abandon the vessel in distress? What injures your country must injure you; and if the craft is to sink through your folly, why then, by —, you will all go to ——— together!”

“We are ready to meet the enemy, yer honour,” said Will Scott; “clap us alongside, and they shall find we arn’t forgot how to put wad to our shot and ram home with a rally. All we wants is our due. Speak, men,” shouted he, turning to the ship’s company, “arn’t you ready to stand by your guns?”—“Yes, yes—ay, ay!” “We loves our country, and likes our captain, but no tyrants!” “No tyrants!”—Such were the responses; but the latter swelled into one general chorus loud and long.

“I will give you ten minutes to consider what you will do,” exclaimed Yorick; “and

upon your decision depends whether I retain my command or not. Consult amongst yourselves, and remember I am not to be trifled with!" He then went below to his cabin; and though only absent exactly ten minutes to a moment, on his return to the quarter-deck he ascertained that the whole of the officers had been decoyed before the gangways, and prevented from coming aft; and the obnoxious lieutenant had been forced into the jolly-boat, and was then half-way towards South-sea beach. "You have decided, men!" shouted he; "not another word. Call that shore-boat alongside: I will never command a set of mutineers!" and in a few minutes afterwards he quitted the frigate.

It is no part of my intention to carry the history of the mutiny further. At its suppression Captain Yorick again took command of *Le Cerf*, and in 1800 was removed into the *Jason*, a frigate of a larger class,—the same warm-hearted but strict disciplinarian he ever was. The gunner had followed him; and the once little Parker, now a fine young man, had through the interest of his chief mounted the white lapels, and bade fair to become an ornament to the service.

General Edmonds and the corporal continued to chalk their way through life without

a shadow of a change, except that they were more busily engaged in the model-room (at the Rumble-tumble), which had been entirely rebuilt on a new principle, on account of a *trifling* accident which had happened to the original whilst testing the charges of some newly-invented rockets, which *inadvertently* exploded and pitched the roof into the lake, laid prostrate the walls and multiplied the models in an astonishing degree. Their schemes, however, had now become so numerous, and the general was so constantly on the hatch, that Singleton was compelled to have his pockets considerably enlarged, for the purpose of stowing away embryo patents—self-acting mortars—improved field-pieces—pontoons,—in short, “a little of everything in the combustible way,” as the corporal observed, including a new apparatus for boring cannon.

Captain Edmonds — or rather Major Edmonds, for to that rank had he been advanced — was still in the East, earning fame and wealth with his gallant colonel, who gave promise of that excellence in the field which subsequently raised him to a dukedom.

The Misses Wentworth were still in single blessedness, and Amelia never ceased to cherish the warmest affection for her soldier-cousin.

Offers had been made, suitors had proposed ; but she resisted every overture, devoting her existence to the object of her regard. Very little intercourse had taken place between the general and his lordship since the assassin-like attempt upon Ten-thousand ; indeed, Aunt Alicia, whose temper became more violent and arbitrary as she increased in years, had effectually prevented every manifestation of remaining friendship. Miss Waldegrave had grown into full-blown beauty, and, like Amelia, undeviatingly adhered to the vows she had pledged to our hero : although for some considerable time she had received no communication from his hands, yet so satisfied was she of his integrity, that she rightly attributed it to its true cause,—the surreptitious detention of her letters by the Honourable Lieutenant Wentworth, who, making sure of her fortune as well as her person, paid but little attention to his expected future bride ; though his gallantry (if it may be so misnomered) in other quarters was no very profound secret.

Mr. Hector retained his sacred office as a humble curate, and had substantial occasions to remember the christening of our hero both from the young lieutenant and his worthy

patron the gunner. Mrs. Hector was still the same kind, affectionate, and Christian-like partner—treading in the path that leads to everlasting happiness hereafter. Mr. Brief perseveringly devoted himself to his professional avocations, and unremitting in his endeavours to ascertain some clue to the origin of Ten-thousand's being deserted in so helpless and cruel a manner. Only one incident had occurred; and this took place shortly after the affair in the metropolis, when Wentworth used his knife upon young Blocks.

The little lawyer was sitting in his office one morning at his characteristic occupation, making the most of his time, when a lady was announced, and a female well dressed in deep mourning was ushered into the room: she was of a commanding figure, and still retained evidences of great early loveliness, which appeared to have been prematurely withered by discordant passions. Now, Lawyer Brief was a confirmed bachelor as far as it regarded family matters, though one of the most constant and attentive husbands to his business, for he was wedded to his profession, and the fruits of the union were extremely productive. Still, he was rather shy of lady clients, particularly lady clients in widow's weeds, for he



generally found that, from having been over-indulged by the dear good man defunct, they were self-willed and difficult to manage; or, on the other hand, if their mourning was mere outward show and the heart rejoiced at being emancipated from tyrannic control, they determined to make the utmost of their liberty by insisting upon having their own way in everything, and both imagined that the law, and not unfrequently even justice, ought to be swayed and guided according to their own peculiar views and wishes.

The handsome woman now before him was arrayed in the usual symbols of widowhood, that set her off to great advantage, and her look was that of one who seemed far more calculated to enforce obedience than to follow advice. The little lawyer took a rapid personal inspection through his glasses as she approached towards him; and then, throwing his spectacles upon his forehead in a sort of intellectual manner he arose, and politely handed the lady a chair. This was the first time for many years he had stooped to such condescension, and the clerk was struck with astonishment at seeing his office thus taken out of his hands by a *coup de main*;—indeed, the little man himself seemed so surprised and embar-

rassed by such a prompt act of gallantry, that, after seconding it by an ungracious bow, he hastily retreated to his high stool, and having laid his arms upon the table, he firmly rested his main body upon them, as if posting himself in a favourable position to concentrate his forces and resist all further attacks.

“Your name, sir, is Brief,” said the lady in a voice of musical sweetness. The ungracious lawyer nodded. “You advertised, some years ago—” and she sighed so heavily, that something, which to those who did not thoroughly understand him might have been taken for a sympathetic response, issued from the solicitor; but it was only a sort of grunt to which he had habituated himself when displeased: indeed, sighing with him was out of the question: he used to say that “he never could discover how people sighed—it was making a pair of bellows of the heart.” But the fact was, some twenty or thirty summers back, Lawyer Brief did entertain a desire to take unto himself a wife; yet, not having sufficient leisure to look for a female suited to his purpose, and still less time to spare in courtship, he boldly advertised for the precious commodity; and the applications were so numerous, and the characters of the parties so diversified, that he was

very nearly driven mad, and being unable to come to any decision, he abandoned the scheme in utter despair of ever succeeding to his mind. This it was that elicited the aforesaid grunt when the lady opened the campaign with "You advertised, some years ago—" for the man of the law beheld not only in his imagination, but also in corporeal substance before him, an applicant who was by no means unlikely to assault and carry him by storm. The lady, however, seemed rather pleased than otherwise by the demonstration, for most probably she deceived herself into a belief that it was an utterance of commiseration, and she again commenced, "You advertised, some years ago ——"

"I did, madam," replied the lawyer, interrupting her, for he thought it more wise at once to prevent her from advancing her position than to have the unpleasant and, in all probability, difficult task of beating her back again from her 'vantage ground,—“I did, madam,” said he; “and if your only business here relates solely to that unfortunate advertisement, I may as well cut short our interview by telling you that further trouble is needless.”

“Oh, then, I suppose it has terminated

fortunately," said the lady, by no means abashed by the repulsive behaviour of the solicitor. "It was a strange affair apparently, and you must be happy that you have found ——"

"No, madam," returned the lawyer impatiently, rising from his stool, "I have not found—I never shall find, — d—n me ! I never *will* find ——"

"Then the advertisement must still be in full force," returned the lady placidly, as if she had some object to gain. "I thought the foundling ——"

"The what, madam?" interrupted the lawyer, as he again seated himself at the table and took up his former position of defence.

"The foundling, sir," answered the lady. "You advertised, some years ago, relative to a foundling, I believe; and that advertisement has been repeated at subsequent intervals. Am I not correct?"

Brief breathed freely again. He had been premature in his conclusions; but now at once shaking off all embarrassment when he found it was a mere matter of business, and not of matrimony, he answered in the affirmative. "Beg pardon: little mistake — you are correct."

“ Well, then, sir, I am induced to suppose you are able to inform me of the particulars of that event,” said the lady. Brief nodded his assent, and a look of reproach seemed to pass across the widow’s features. “ Some of the child’s apparel is in your possession,” continued the lady ; and again the lawyer nodded, for he made it a maxim never to throw away even a monosyllable unnecessarily. “ Pray, may I be permitted to see it ?” inquired the widow.

The lawyer bowed acquiescence ; and drawing down his spectacles to their proper *hunting* position, he added, “ Favour me, madam,—your name, if you please ?”

“ Most certainly,” replied the lady, with a winning look that might have warmed an iceberg. “ My name is Sinclair—Lady Hortensia Sinclair, the widow of the deceased Lieutenant-general Sinclair ;” and she looked proudly and keenly at the lawyer to ascertain what effect the announcement would produce upon him.

Mr. Brief was certainly not unmoved at the manner and title of his visitor ; but the movement was merely to dip his pen in the ink ; and, in a stiff, cramped hand, he wrote what looked very much like bits of burnt straw strewn over the paper : it was the date and

the lady's name, which, having accomplished, he uttered, "Proceed."

Apparently mortified that she had made no sensible impression on the lawyer's heart, the lady frowned, but it instantly vanished again. "Do you require my lineage—my birth and parentage?" said she.

"Use your own pleasure, my lady," returned the man of the law with a complacency of demeanour that pleased her.

"It is hardly requisite," responded the smiling lady: "and as for residence, I have so recently arrived in England, that I have not yet had time to settle my place of habitation. Circumstances that it is not at present necessary to recapitulate have induced me to entertain strong conjectures that the infant who was so inhumanly deserted,—in fact, the dress will most probably inform me whether the foundling is or is not a near relation of mine, now, no more. If it should be so, I shall, as a matter of course, relate every particular to you; and if not, I shall be spared the pain of entering upon the subject."

At this moment the clerk entered and handed over a slip of paper to his principal, who having perused its purport, hastily wrote some lines beneath those he had read, and

returned it : the subordinate then left the room. "I can have no objection to show you the things, my lady," said Lawyer Brief,—“anything that can tend to elucidate the mystery is certainly most desirable ; and happy shall I be if my young client can honourably claim such respectable alliance.”

“Pardon me, sir,” answered the lady, “I fear the term honourable, according to the general acceptation of the term in such matters, cannot be applied to his origin ; but if I find my conjectures are right, the youth shall not want a friend.”

“It appears, my lady, that you are aware of his existence,” said the lawyer, as if making a mere casual observation.

The lady looked confused, but promptly replied, “I am aware of it, Mr. Brief,—nay, more, I have seen him ; and I confess the likeness to those who are gone first struck me even before I knew a word of his story. But that also was repeated to me by a young friend of my late husband’s—Captain Edmonds. So that all I am desirous of doing is to examine the articles of dress, to ascertain whether they will afford any evidence to confirm my predisposition to belief. Are you satisfied ?” And approaching the table, she spread a note



of the Bank of England for ten pounds before the eyes of the lawyer.

Mr. Brief looked first at the lady, then at the note, and then at the lady again. “*I am* satisfied,” said he in a firm and decided tone; “you shall inspect the things.” He then opened a drawer of his table, and took out a pistol, which he laid upon his papers. “This is a precaution I always use, my lady, when I open my iron safe: it is best to be upon one’s guard, for there are lurking villains constantly on the watch for plunder, who would not hesitate to murder as well as rob if they expected an adequate booty.” He arose, took a bunch of keys from the same drawer, and proceeded to his iron depository, watched with the most eager and intense interest by the widow. The folding portals of the case were thrown open, and the bundle containing the dress in which young Blocks was discovered, as well as a succinct account of the occurrence, was brought forth and cautiously displayed. The shirt, the necklace, and the ring underwent a rigid scrutiny, and especially the latter: the lady’s hand trembled whilst she held it, and the three articles were clutched fast in her left hand, when suddenly snatching up the pistol and

presenting the muzzle at the lawyer, she retreated towards the door.

“ I thought so,” said the cool propounder of the statues as he interposed to stop her progress.

“ Let me pass,” exclaimed the widow with vehemence, “ or you are a dead man this instant !—Let me pass, man, or I ’ll fire !”

“ Allow me to load the pistol first, my lady,” uttered Brief with a sarcastic tone. “ Here, Saunders !” he shouted, and a scuffling in the passage ensued as if some contest was being carried on close to the door amidst oaths and execrations. “ Have the goodness to deposit those things you have seized upon the table, Lady Sinclair,—if such is your title, which we shall see presently. You really had better comply, or to gaol you shall go for an attempt at robbery.”

The widow obeyed,—she laid the articles down; Brief bundled them up together, and the three-fold bolts of his iron safe soon had them in safe keeping: but he had scarcely turned the key, when the office-door was burst open, and in flew Joe Breeze and Saunders contending with two powerful men. Neither the lawyer nor his clerk were equal to one of the hostile party; in fact, he was too much for

both of them together, and they speedily measured their lengths upon the floor. Old Joe battled the watch stoutly against his opponents, who, fearful that the noise would bring fresh assistance, followed the widow in her hasty departure from the premises. Joe Breeze (as he himself described it) topped his boom and made sail in chase; but they'd got the long start of him, and when he reached the door leading into the street, it was shut to with violence and locked on the outside, so as to make them all three prisoners.

Who they were, or what their motive could be, remained a mystery: they were foiled in their effort, and, as Brief declared, "took nothing by their motion." He had, in fact, suspected from the first, and the slip of paper handed to him by Saunders informing him that two stout men were in the outer office in a great degree confirmed his suspicions: he wrote in reply, "Send for assistance," and the clerk had endeavoured to obtain it: in fact, three or four constables arrived in a few minutes after the escape of the party, who liberated the trio from confinement. Old Joe had dropped in merely by accident, and thus became engaged in the affray.

But now a word or two of Joe Breeze and

his worthy consort (as he called her). They had been constantly talking of shifting their berth, and yet remained as fast moored as ever. Joe had become a truly wealthy man—could calculate his thousands, and even his ten-thousands, in the funds, whilst his estates accumulated by several admirable purchases both in number and value;—in fact, he was himself, though only landlord of the Roaring Boreas, enabled to send no less than three *representatives* to the legislative body of the nation. Nightly was the subject discussed between them of retiring from *public* life to one of their snug cosey places in the country: they seldom went to bed without expressing a determination to make a change on the succeeding day; but the following morning found them as busy as ever,—Mrs. Breeze in her bar regarding all around her with pleased animation, and Muster Breeze blowing his cloud and spinning a yarn with his old ship-mates and messmates—discussing the management of the fleet and the governing of the nation.

The battle of the Nile was fought—the conquerors and their prizes returned to England,—and the Roaring Boreas was chock-full of the victors from morning till night.

Then did honest Joe luxuriate, then were the tables marked with more plans of the fight than ever charts could be found in the hydrographical office; then were anchors let go—ships brought up by the stern with springs upon the cable;—in short, the action was fought over again in five hundred different ways, and frequently amid as much smoke as obscured the actual contest.

Only very little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since the mutiny, and two great and important victories had been gained—Camperdown and the Nile. Here, then, was proof positive that British tars would nobly sustain the pre-eminence of their country's flag. But this was not considered sufficient:—at a meeting held in the great room at the Roaring Boreas, an address of congratulation to his Majesty was proposed; an address that, whilst it rejoiced in the splendid achievements of the navy, was also to express the warmest attachment to his Majesty's royal person: and who so able to get it drawn up and to present it to the sovereign as the veteran Joe Breeze himself? The thing was determined on.—Joe's consent obtained—a rough draft of the address was drawn up by the worthy landlord, and carried to Lawyer Brief to be polished.

It is much to be regretted that the document itself cannot be given : it was certainly a most characteristic affair, and the lawyer, knowing the humour of the Sovereign and the feelings of the honest tars, took especial care whilst polishing that none of its originality should be lost.

The affair got wind ; the address was signed by thousands—even officers felt gratified at signing their names to the record ; and Joe at length, having been plentifully supplied with clean shirts, hose, and nightcaps, made sail, in a chaise-and-four, decorated with blue ribands and a small union-jack in the bows, for the metropolis, and furnished with a letter of introduction from the Port Admiral to one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Various were the conjectures and rumours as he proceeded along the road. The editors of the provincial papers, having nothing but their own conjectures to rest upon, (for Joe was by no means communicative,) were in ecstasies, for they could make just what they pleased of it. Some announced fresh victories—others a rattling mutiny,—several thought there was peace ; whilst all agreed there must be something. The paragraphs were duly copied into the London papers, and in a few hours the whole

kingdom was as wise as the provincial editors themselves.

Honest Joe pushed on his way: he loved quick sailing, and his presents to the post-boys ensured speedy travelling. When they touched the tip, they also tipped the wink to one another; and the "All's right, yer honour!" was an intimation well understood.

The veteran had formed a grand idea of London. It was in the forenoon when he arrived; and away dashed the vehicle over Westminster Bridge through the short street, and turning with swiftness to the right for the Admiralty. Nobody could conjecture what it meant; and yet everybody knew, or pretended to know (which amounts to nearly the same thing), all about it. "A battle had been fought — Boney had been taken prisoner, — Joe was the avant-courier — and the captive was to follow on a visit to his Majesty, and be kept in a cage like a parrot's somewhere in Hyde Park."

At the Admiralty the worthy veteran found the lord he had the letter for, who entered joyously into the spirit of the thing; and after a short conversation with Joe, his lordship mounted the vehicle, dressed out as it was, and accompanied the honest seaman to the Home



Secretary of State, and rumour applied all her brazen trumpets to sound the occurrence. In fact, so many attempts had been made to seduce the seamen of the Royal Navy from their duty, and so many reports had been circulated to show that they were disaffected as well as discontented, that the present demonstration was viewed with much gratification by the members of his Majesty's Government, and honest Joe found himself, without knowing why, a very important personage indeed.

The next day but one was a levee-day ; and notwithstanding all Joe's remonstrances, he was to be rigged out in a court dress, regulation sword, and bag for his hair. But then what was he to do with his pigtail, that hung down his back as low as his waist, and might, upon a pinch, have served for a jolly-boat's mizen-mast ? It was, however, arranged that it should be brought down inside the collar of his coat ; and the bag hanging without would conceal that any such monstrosity as his enormous outrigger existed. All this was sadly against the veteran's inclination, particularly the "casing his lower stanchions" in black silk tights, which he declared " was an onnat'ral thing to expect from a seaman." But no persuasions could induce him to wear his

neckerchief in any other way than loosely knotted round his neck; and he determined to display his silver chain and call. Some strong argumentative disputes took place between Joe and the person who had been recommended to show him the lions of the metropolis; but the veteran was obliged to yield, for fear of giving offence to the Sovereign he loved.

The auspicious period arrived, the Admiralty Lord's carriage took him up, and together they set out to the levee, old Joe receiving instructions relative to his behaviour as they proceeded. Now, notwithstanding the veteran had allowed the barber to stow away his tail so as entirely to conceal it in the back ground, he nevertheless felt it a degradation to be deprived of so handsome an ornament, and being free from observation and restraint as the vehicle rolled rapidly along through the streets, he contrived to haul it out from durance, and, by a little manœuvring, to place it in its natural position; so that a thick club, not much unlike the fag-end of a stream cable, was soon seen hanging between his shoulders, surmounted by the handsome silk bag which court fashion dictated as necessary to etiquette.

The levee was very crowded, and the worthy seaman's set-out excited much plea-

santry in the circle ; but Joe had eyes and ears for scarcely anybody except his sovereign,—though he was somewhat relieved from his first embarrassment by observing near his royal master a tall spare gentleman, with, as Joe described him, “his nose a cock-bill.” This was none other than the Prime Minister of England, to whom the veteran had been introduced the day before, and whom he instantly recognised. The Port Admiral in his letter to the Lord of the Admiralty had stated the services rendered by Breeze at the general election ; and a man who could command three members was not to be despised. At the Home Secretary’s they had seen Mr. Pitt, who warmly acknowledged the obligation, and proffered his friendship in return ; so that Joe felt at his ease when he saw him again.

There were also two other persons by the side of the reigning monarch, each destined in succession to fill the throne of England : these were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, the latter in a uniform the sight of which warmed the heart of the old mariner. Now his Royal Highness instantaneously detected the nautical features of the veteran, and, approaching towards him, uttered a friendly hail that struck upon Joe’s tympan-

num like the "pipe to grog," it was so joyous; and, to the astonishment of all present, he responded with a hearty "What cheer, what cheer?" But just at this moment his turn came for presentation; and, without being at all daunted with the gorgeous spectacle, Joe boldly, though awkwardly, for his sword got between his legs and bothered him, advanced to the royal presence. In fact, the bearer of the seamen's address was at that moment perfectly qualified, in his own estimation, for the important undertaking with which he had been entrusted: it was a point of imperative duty, and he set about it as he would any especial employ on board the ship he loved to decorate, confident that he was fully able to perform it, and determined that the work should neither disgrace himself nor the barky to which he was attached.

"May it please your Majesty, Mr. Breeze, of your Majesty's Royal Navy, with an address from the seamen at Plymouth," said the admiralty lord, displaying the old seaman in full fig.

"Breeze—Breeze?" said the King, giving Joe one of his peculiarly shrewd looks; "what ship, eh? what ship?"

"The Roaring Boreas, an't please yer Ma-

jesty's honour," responded Joe laughingly, and giving first a knowing twist to his *club* tail, and secondly, a characteristic hitch to his silk tights.

"What? what?" uttered the King,—“Roaring what? — Oh, ay,—Boreas — Boreas,—a Breeze in the Roaring Boreas, eh? What rank, what rank? steady Breeze, I hope, but what rank?” when observing the silver chain and call round the veteran's neck, he added, “Oh, I see, I see—boatswain, eh? boatswain—Boatswain Breeze;—handsome call — *blow* it well, Mr. Breeze, eh?” and the good-humoured monarch laughed.

“God bless yer honour's Majesty!” answered Joe, touching the forelock of his silvery hair, and making a scrape with his foot and a bend with his head that threw his enormous tail over his shoulder, “I arn't a boasun, seeing as I never had the honour of sporting a warrant whilst under the pennant; but I've sarved your Majesty man and boy five-and-forty years, and ud be ready to sarve yer Majesty again whensomever you should be pleased to ax me. Though, for the matter o' that, your Majesty, I strive to do my best even out of commission, as Billy Pitt there—I humbly axes his honour's pardon—I means Muster Billy Pitt, can testify.”

“ Good, good—very good !” said the easily-pleased monarch ; “ Mr. Breeze and Billy Pitt ! —But—but—but the address—the address.” Observing Joe was again about to speak, he added, “ What—what ?—stay—stay !—the address—read the address.”

This Joe did with a very good grace, giving the words their proper emphasis, to the infinite delight and gratification of the good-tempered king, who had a strong regard for his navy, and of Mr. Pitt, who had in some measure apprised his Majesty of the veteran’s claims to consideration.

“ The seamen of the fleet at Plymouth, eh ?” said the King when the veteran had ceased reading the document ; “ and signed, too,—signed by—let me see—let me see——”

“ —Upwards of four thousand, an ’t please yer Majesty,” responded Joe, again twitching his tail behind him,—“ all hearty souls, and ready to fight the devil, if so be as he should hoist the tri-colour ensign.”

“ Hush ! hush !” returned the King ; “ never, never call names. But tell them, Mr. Breeze, —tell the seamen I receive their congratulations with pleasure, and am gratified by their expressions of attachment :—it shall ever be my study to watch over and promote their welfare,

as much as they have manifested a determination to defend their king and country."

This was uttered slowly, clearly, and with strong feeling that made a powerful impression upon old Joe, who, on his Majesty graciously extending his hand to him to kiss, grasped it with eager enthusiasm in his hard, horny fingers, and gave it an honest, cordial shake that tickled old George's fancy mightily; and though he tried to look grave, yet it only rendered the scene more ludicrous, and for a few seconds all court etiquette was set at defiance.

"God A'mighty bless yer royal Majesty for the honour as you've done me in shaking hands with a poor humble tar! All I am and all I have is heartily at yer Majesty's sarvice, except this here call, which was guv me by General Elliott arter the siege o' Giberalter, for manhandling them there French and Spaniards."

In the excitement of his narration, which had induced him to throw himself into attitude, Joe's tail had again, somehow or other, swung bodily over his shoulder, and looked like a swivel on the present. "Siege of Gibraltar, eh?" said the King,—“siege of Gibraltar;—grand tail—wonderful tail:—kneel down, Mr. Breeze;—eh, Pitt, eh?” The minister bowed with stiff formality. “There—kneel, kneel,



kneel—kneel down, Mr. Breeze !—Joseph, isn't it, eh ? — isn't it, Joe—Joseph, eh ? Joseph Breeze, kneel down."

The words "grand tail," "wonderful tail," Joe had promptly applied to his *tale* of Gibraltar and the call, and it tended greatly to gratify the old tar's self-love ; but to kneel in his silk tights was another matter,—it amounted nearly to impossibility,—and the repeated commands of the Sovereign still urging him, he exclaimed, "Well, then, I'm——" the rest was stoppered, for the eye of his royal master was upon him, and he felt rebuked before he uttered the oath. "But it's all in regard o' these here consarns, yer Majesty," said he, somewhat abashed at the predicament in which he was placed. "They would brace me sharp up, though I knew it was going free before yer Majesty I should be ; and now here I am worse off nor a marine in purser's slops—hard up, jammed like Jackson ! Howsomever, here goes for a bend, anyhow, as I hopes yer Majesty's honour and glory is a-going to guv me a blessing:" and down he dropped upon both hands and knees, ultimately raising himself upon the latter, whilst thé ripping of seams, the cracking of stitches, and the chattering of the main stuff itself, gave evident tes-

timony that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

The monarch having received a sword from the hands of an attendant, held it over the veteran's head; and then applying the flat part pretty smartly to his shoulders, he uttered, "Arise, Sir Joseph Breeze; there, there, there—get up, man, get up—rise, rise; I've knighted you, and you are now Sir Joseph; get up, get up." But seeing that the worthy tar, either from the accumulated weight of his new dignity, or the tightness of his new breeches, could not accomplish the task, the King caught hold of his arm: "Come, come, come," said he, "I'll assist you."

At this moment, one of the lords in waiting, observing how his Majesty was engaged, hastened forward to relieve him from his burden; upon which Joe exclaimed with vehemence, "Hands off, you lubber!—do you think his Majesty can't do it himself?" and making a powerful demonstration (for such it most certainly was), Sir Joseph Breeze was set upon his legs.

"Now, now—go, go," said the King; "tell the sailors—tell them not to mutiny again, but—but to be good lads and beat the French."

"Then I'm d—— if I don't!" returned Joe,

so overpowered by his emotions as to forget the anointed presence in which he stood.

“ Mustn’t swear — never swear,” said his Majesty in a tone half reproof, half remonstrance : “ Bible says, ‘ Swear not at all ;’ read, read the Bible. Go, now, go :” and turning to the admiralty lord who had introduced the veteran, he added, “ Take, take, take him away. Never swear — bad habit swearing — meant honestly though ; — large tail, monstrous tail. There, there—good-b’ye, sailor, good-b’ye !”

“ God A’mighty bless yer Majesty !” responded Joe with a schoolboy expression of contrition on his countenance. “ I owns to the slapsis lingo, and is heartily ashamed on it.” He then added, with slow voice and with strong emotion, “ Good-b’ye, my royal master ! May you ride it out in the smooth waters of happiness here, with the port of heaven under your lee ; and when you slips your cables, may you next be moored in the haven of eternal peace and blessedness !”

The prayer was from the heart—it was solemnly, fervently uttered ; and many a deep though silent “ Amen !” responded to the petition from that high and titled assembly. The veteran took his departure from the palace, and was invited to pass some time with his repre-

sentatives; but he preferred a visit to some of his old shipmates at Greenwich Hospital, to whom he dispensed his bounty so as to afford a liberal increase to their creature-comforts: he also inspected several of the grand sights in the metropolis, and then returned to Plymouth. Nothing could exceed the joyous glee of the subscribers to the address when, in public meeting assembled, Joe gave them an account of his mission; and when he announced that he was no longer plain Mister, but Sir Joseph Breeze, Knight, the building quivered with enthusiastic cheers, and my Lady Breeze was in the very height of her glory. Joe, according to what he conceived but a fair distribution of prize property, would willingly have shared half his knighthood with Lawyer Brief; but the thing was impracticable, and so he was compelled to bear it all himself, with his “blushing honours thick about him.” Still, for a “royal knight” (for so Joe styled himself) to remain landlord of a public-house seemed to be doing discredit to the favour of his sovereign, and the subject of removal was more strongly discussed than ever. Night after night the debate was renewed, till at last they actually left the business in the hands of a trusty agent, and started to take possession

of a pretty little snug box in the country, a “one-horse shay,” and dignity in retirement. At their time of life, however, new associations were out of the question; they tried to form acquaintance with the neighbouring gentry, but the aristocracy by descent looked upon them with contempt—the middle classes eyed them with envy—and the lower orders, missing the usual concomitants of gentility, indulged themselves in ridicule. Two or three times the “one-horse shay” had capsized, which Joe attributed to being taken aback in sudden squalls, but, his spouse declared, was owing to his having pulled the wrong rein. The servants (in livery) were very different to the docile domestics at Plymouth; Joe sadly felt the loss of his old friends;—in short, the change was anything but satisfactory, and the expiration of a month found Sir Joseph re-established in the great room at the Roaring Boreas, and Lady Breeze once more officiating in her handsome and comfortable bar, to the great delight of the honest tars, who prided themselves mightily on the veteran’s title, his call, and his pigtail.

Age and infirmity had compelled Captain Courtney to resign his command and take up his abode ashore; and our hero was appointed

to a beautiful corvette, mounting twenty-two long eighteens, in which, according to the date of his commission, he found himself second-lieutenant : and, by a singular chain of circumstances, Parker shortly afterwards joined as his junior—for the captain, enjoying post rank, had three lieutenants and a complement of one hundred and eighty men. She was, in truth, a lovely craft, of exquisite symmetry and admirable proportions—her tapering spars towering above one another in nearly a continuous line, and raking aft with graceful ease, her square yards that spread a broad clew to the breeze ;—in short, she was just the creature to fascinate a seaman's eye and delight his heart.

Captain Rogerson was precisely the sort of man to command such a handsome craft as his Majesty's ship *Tulip*. He was extremely good-looking,—fine, noble countenance—curly hair—in fact, not much unlike Sir Sydney Smith in person,—a thorough seaman and an officer of undoubted bravery ; yet, with all these excellent qualities, Captain Rogerson was the most perfect and finished dandy that ever came from the neat cut of a tailor's sheers, or was hotpressed by his goose. Singularly compact in his own dress, he was studiously exact in his orders that the whole of his *Tulips*, both

officers and men, should follow his example. Those who had whiskers trimmed them to a set pattern on the captain's countenance; and every morning watch, at seven bells, the fashion of the day was announced from the quarter-deck by the rig in which the skipper appeared, exactly to the moment when the glass was turned, and the sonorous herald of time gave notice that Captain Rogerson expected to meet all his officers on the appointed station of honour. Nor was this a mere meeting of formality, for habit rendered it one of cordial greeting; and the commander conversed as familiarly with his youngest midshipman as he did with his senior lieutenant: nor were the warrant-officers slighted, for the gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, were always expected to attend the "levee," and constantly received a fair share of attention. No levity was allowed—indeed, the slightest approach to playfulness was instantly checked—the bounds of decorum were never passed,—or if now and then the peculiar watchfulness of the chief slumbered, and the junior department felt an inclination to sport the monkey, Captain Rogerson seemed to be possessed of an intuitive manner of restoring respect to himself and the sacred character of the quarter-deck.



It must be admitted, however, that the fashions were at some periods strangely capricious. For instance, in a heavy gale of wind, when the green seas were tossing the craft about like an empty bottle well corked, the captain would appear in white kerseymere knee-breeches and silk-stockings, a full uniform gold-laced coat, and cocked-hat splendidly bound, with the glittering band three fingers broad ; at other times, in fine weather, thick Flushing trousers, and a pea-jacket, with a hairy cap, would form the costume for the day : so that, in the first instance, had they been boarded by a stranger, he would naturally have supposed that they had put to sea from a ball-room in a hurry ; and in the latter, that they had suddenly and unexpectedly run out of a storm without having had an opportunity for changing their nor'-westers. The old master and the boatswain were exceptions : all the coaxing—all the teasing—all the threats of court-martials could not persuade them that “one rig worn’t as good as another ;” and the mistakes and shifts they were constantly making were ludicrous in the extreme, especially when the captain took it into his head to appear in buckskin breeches and top-boots with spurs.

Such was the droll compound under whom

our hero was now to sail: but both he and Parker had been accustomed to eccentricities in Yorick, though of a totally different character; and therefore, falling into the humour of their young chief, (for he was only three-and-twenty,) they were happy as messmates and friends. The seamen were all picked men; for Rogerson spared neither money nor exertions to obtain thorough tars, and being wealthy and of an influential family, his wishes were generally acceded to by the commander-in-chief. His own boat's crew were perfect models; and perhaps England could not produce seven finer-looking fellows, not one of them except the coxswain being older than their commander, for whom they felt an enthusiastic devotion bordering upon worship. Variable as Rogerson was in his own habiliments, he was still more so in the costume of his boat's crew: they had all colours; and it was not unusual, when half-way between the ship and the shore, to make an entire cast of their clothing, and show off in something new. When the humour prevailed, they were dressed in tiger-skins, the oars were laid in, and short paddles substituted, which were used in the same manner as Indians in a canoe; but his favourite suit was one that as nearly as possi-

ble corresponded with the flower after which the corvette was named, and each of them had an imitation tulip reversed for a cap, with a long stalk sticking out at top.

For these and other humours, some of the old captains looked upon him with contempt ; whilst many who affected to despise, still made attempts to copy the example, and that which was really natural in Rogerson became superlatively ridiculous in his imitators. His education had been strictly nautical—he loved the sea ; but Nature had been bountiful to him in all her gifts—his memory was excellent, and he had stored his mind with the choicest readings from the best authors, and, when he chose, his conversation was brilliant and delightful. As he was afloat, so he was ashore : if he rode in a close carriage, he constantly drove four horses ; but instead of these animals being two abreast, he would have them placed one before the other, that they might, as Jack said, “ sail ship-shape, and not like sodgers a-marching.” This would have been a difficult and hazardous arrangement ; but he had cautiously put his boat’s crew in regular training, and each mounted a horse, so that he had no less than four postilions. Tandem-driving, however, was his favourite amusement ; and not unfre-

quently he would have three horses in a line, with a man on each side of the fore horse's head, "to flatter in forud when they luffed up into the wind, or wouldn't answer the helm."

Captain Rogerson gave splendid dinners; when in port and at sea, his table always presented some delicacy or other, with the best wines that could be procured: he was generous to a fault, and, independent of the strictness with which he preserved discipline, was humane. In his punishments, however, he was extremely severe: but it was seldom that he had occasion, except now and then on a Sunday, to read any of the articles of war, and the cats with their numerous tails quietly slumbered in the boatswain's store-room.

The ship was all a-taunto at Spithead waiting for orders, when Captain Rogerson, walking the quarter-deck with his second lieutenant, thus addressed him: "Were you ever—aw—upon the Wight—aw?—beautiful place—delightful ride. Should you—aw—like—aw—to join me in a trip?"

"It will afford me great pleasure, sir," returned our hero, bowing. "I have landed on the island, but was never in the interior; though I have heard its scenery and fertility much praised."

“ You—aw—shall have ocular demonstration, Mr. Courtney,” returned Rogerson stiffly. “ Mr. Parker !—aw—aw—have the goodness—aw—to man my boat.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” returned Parker, as he turned to issue the necessary order to the midshipman, who called to the boatswain’s mate, who chirped upon his call and shouted, “ Tulips, away !”

In less than two minutes the boat was alongside, and before five minutes had expired,—the men in sea-green frocks and trousers—the officers in undress uniform,—had shoved off from the ship : the wind was fair—the sail was hoisted, and away they bounded over the waters like a bird upon the wing. At Ryde they procured horses, and were soon in the midst of green fields and ripening grain, for it was the very height of summer ; and Ten-thousand enjoyed all those delicious sensations which had been so precious and delightful to him in the days of his boyhood. Nor was Rogerson backward in acknowledging the influence and power of Nature : his language became divested of the ordinary foppery—he was animated, entertaining, and manifested a knowledge of the picturesque which our hero would not without evidence have given him credit for. At Newport

they “ hove-to” for a short time, and then pursued their way across the island.

Ten-thousand imagined they had landed for the pleasure of a ride; yet affection reminded him that somewhere in the neighbourhood they should probably visit, stood the place in which Miss Waldegrave had passed the years of infancy, and he felt a strong desire to visit it; but he would not press his own gratification upon his commander, nor would he mention it at all, lest, being unwilling to enter into particulars, he should subsequently be discovered, and his conduct be liable to suspicion for duplicity. He had on several occasions heard from Caroline, whose attachment appeared by her letters to remain unchanged, and he had written in reply; but, as has been before stated, his correspondence was intercepted, and, much as an interview was ardently desired, she had requested him not to come to Devonshire till he received further directions from herself.

The two officers at length put up their horses at a village ale-house, and walked down to the romantic bay that forms one of the lions of the Isle of Wight, and which was, in fact, the one containing the solitary residence of the anchorite. Caroline had well described the

spot to Ten-thousand, and his vivid fancy immediately recalled the scenery to mind, so that he had no doubt upon the subject. The dwelling of the recluse had also been minutely delineated in a drawing which our hero had copied, and his eye readily discovered the exact spot. He proposed ascending the craggy steps; but Rogerson excused himself, at the same time requesting his lieutenant to follow the bent of his inclination, and he would rejoin him in about an hour's time.

The earnest wish to hear some intelligence of the Wentworth family overcame every other feeling, and Ten-thousand was soon on the flat in front of the cavern, whilst his captain strolled carelessly away and was shortly concealed from view. A few gentle knocks at the door brought out the recluse; and our hero, after suitable apologies, frankly told the object of his visit. The aged anchorite listened with earnest attention, and after a moderate lecture on the vanity and frailty of human endearments, he questioned Ten-thousand as to his present condition as well as his future prospects, and met with the most unreserved and candid answers,—in fact, the young seaman narrated particulars from the hour of his being saved by the worthy coxswain of the Alfred's barge.



Varied emotions agitated the anchorite as the tale proceeded, and at its close the venerable man congratulated his companion on the success he had experienced ; but he was by no means communicative of information relative to the only object that engrossed the young man's thoughts,—and though he did not actually condemn the attachment, yet he certainly discouraged it as teeming with misery to both. The lieutenant talked of his expectancies from Captain Courtney, whose wealth was ample, and also of his determination to use his best endeavours to rise in the service so as to place Miss Waldegrave, should her fortune be sacrificed, in that station of society she was so well adapted to fill.

There was an eloquence in his language, and a plain, honest sincerity in his ardour, that could not fail to make a suitable impression on the individual whom he addressed. The recluse, however, combated his arguments with subtlety—closely interrogated him on many points which showed that he already possessed some knowledge of their mutual regard, and then informed him that the Wentworth family, including Caroline, were at that moment stopping at the cottage for a few summer weeks, having arrived from Devonshire

two or three days before. Contrary to the persuasions of the recluse, our hero determined to proceed towards the grounds, under the hope of obtaining at least a sight of her whom he so affectionately loved, and, if possible, of enjoying an interview.

The young lieutenant descended the cliff, and was rapidly traversing the beach, entirely oblivious as it respected his commander, when suddenly turning the angle of a projecting rock, he beheld him at no great distance, in company with a female. An indescribable sensation crossed our hero's mind, a sort of presentiment of evil; and as they evidently had not seen him, he again stepped back into concealment. Rogerson and his fair companion advanced; they were in unreserved conversation. Ten-thousand could clearly distinguish their voices, and that of the lady resembled one that was well remembered as having so delightfully thrilled upon his heart in happier moments: he peeped forth from his covert,—he could not be deceived—the female leaning on the captain's arm was none other than Miss Waldegrave.

Oh, who can paint the racking, excruciating agony of the lieutenant's mind!—the ardent expectation he had so fervidly cherished was at once crushed and destroyed, and

he took in at one hasty glance the certainty of misery where he had anticipated happiness. He had been delighted with his ship, and satisfied with his captain ; yet he made no doubt that the latter was his rival, and that it would of course be necessary for him to quit the former. He also felt the awkwardness of his present position ; for if he showed himself from among the rocks, it would be directly supposed that he had been watching them. He therefore retired as noiselessly as possible to a still greater distance ; though he could not avoid hearing what they said as they passed onwards within a few paces of him towards the anchorite's cave.

“ Nay, Adolphus,” uttered Caroline with emphasis, “ you charge me unjustly : I have never ceased to value and esteem you as —— ” here the words became inaudible through the noise of the broken water on the shore.

“ Then go with me to Spithead,” responded Rogerson : “ his lordship can make no objections. Prove that I am still the same to you ! Miss Wentworth will bear you company ; and —aw—if not, what prevents your coming alone to——”

Ten-thousand heard no more ; but quite enough had come to his ears to make him super-

lately wretched. "Could the captain have been acquainted with his engagement to Caroline, or was the *rencontre* merely accidental?" were questions he repeatedly asked himself without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Not a single hint had passed between them that either was friendly with, or even knew the Wentworths; but it would appear to our hero's mind that his commander had a design in the course he had taken, though probably without being aware of his lieutenant's regard for Miss Waldegrave. At all events, in one thing he could not be mistaken: the familiarity which evidently existed between the parties could only have one origin,—a mutual attachment. Yet how could he reconcile this idea with the assurances of unalterable esteem he had from time to time received under her own hand? and what was the Honourable Mr. Wentworth about, to permit a favoured lover to enjoy the society of his future bride? All was mystery, and the blow had come so heavily, so unexpectedly—even at the very instant when his heart was overflowing with tenderness and hope, that it crushed his reasoning faculties, and he saw nothing but the dark side of the picture. He watched their receding forms; but they did not ascend to the habitation of the

recluse, where, however, Ten-thousand promptly returned as soon as he could effect his purpose without observation. Unhesitatingly he communicated what had occurred to the ancho-rite, and, in the depth of his despair, would in all likelihood have committed some extravagance but for the soothing counsel of the aged man. He hastily wrote a few lines with his pencil on the blank leaf of his pocket-book, which he tore out and exhorted the hermit to deliver to Caroline. The recluse promised compliance, and gave the young man assurances that at length tranquillised his agony; so that by the time his captain's hail was heard from the rocks below, he was calm: but his calmness proceeded more from the death of hope than from any return of a happy spirit.

On emerging from the cavern, the recluse endeavoured to cheer him with words of comfort; but Ten-thousand expected to find Miss Waldegrave still with his commander, and he struggled against the sickly sensations which threatened to overpower him. Nerving himself for the interview, he looked over the precipice and saw that Rogerson was alone. A wild hysterical laugh burst from him that rung with strange echoes amongst the cliffs, and bidding

the recluse farewell, he descended to his superior, whose gaiety seemed more enlarged and animated as they returned across the island. A tumultuous excitement strained our hero's faculties. Rogerson made no mention of the manner in which he had been engaged: Ten-thousand could not, and would not broach the subject; he therefore called all his energies into action, and talked and laughed immoderately; and the two officers, unrestrained by the discipline of the ship, gave full scope to their vivid imaginations in all the brilliancy of good education enlivened by sallies of wit and humour. The lieutenant laboured under a species of delirium something like that which is occasioned by swallowing laudanum, and he foolishly fancied that he had overcome his affection for Miss Waldegrave, and had relapsed into indifference. His captain was surprised and not a little gratified with the extent of his information, and the very gentlemanly manner in which he conducted himself: he knew him only as Edward Courtney, the son of one of England's bravest chiefs, — for Ten-thousand's history, although known to Parker, had not been communicated to any one in the corvette.

The boat was waiting for them at Ryde:

Captain Rogerson returned to his old habits, and a respectful distance was rigidly exacted and as strictly observed. During their absence, a telegraphic despatch had come down, ordering the immediate departure of the *Tulip* for the Mediterranean; and the commander, after putting the lieutenant on board pulled over to Portsmouth to attend upon the admiral.

Parker instantly detected the alteration in the manner of his friend; there was an unusual redness of the eyes, and symptoms of petulance which were rapidly succeeded by unnatural attempts at mirth. The surgeon also observed it, and his professional knowledge speedily ascertained that the young man was in a high fever. With much difficulty he was persuaded to retire to his cabin, and a composing draught was administered; but it was long before overwrought nature yielded to its power, and during the interval the agitation and distress of our hero were terrible,—he was perfectly sensible, and in the stillness of retirement his thoughts reverted to the events of the day. To endure such torment much longer seemed to be impossible, and he formed a determination to apply to be superseded,—to have one last interview with Miss Waldegrave, and then——but all the rest was blank.



At length he sank into a restless slumber, disturbed by harassing dreams, from which he awoke unrefreshed to find the ship under way and running through the Needles' passage with a brisk breeze.

## CHAPTER IV.

Hail to the flag, the gallant flag, in battle or in blast,  
Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd  
mast !

Though rent by service or by shot, all tatter'd it may be,  
Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread supremacy.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

It was several days before Ten-thousand was enabled to return to his duty, and the interval was passed in painful ruminations that were calculated to retard recovery. Captain Rogerson's kindness and attention were unlimited, but they served to heighten rather than diminish the lieutenant's distress. Sometimes he felt inclined to unfold the secrets of his heart to his generous commander, and thereby come to a proper explanation ; but the delicacy of his situation restrained him, and he feared to encounter ridicule, if not resentment, from one whom, in spite of all drawbacks, he could not but esteem. As he gradually recovered from his attack of indisposition, so the desire

for concealment increased, and at length he resolved to bury the whole transaction in his own breast, leaving it to time and circumstances to develop the seeming mystery: but he was not now, as heretofore, one of the foremost in promoting conviviality, and the most assiduous in the performance of his duties; the incentive to exertion seemed to be paralysed—the motive for strenuous action subdued, if not wholly lost: none knew the cause, though all mourned the consequences.

A beautiful and delightful station was the Mediterranean at that season of the year, when Nature lavished her smiles upon the face of creation, and the rising sun, like a mighty conqueror, came with his host of light to claim his throne, and then, after the glorious toils of the day, retired from the well-won field in gorgeous splendour to assume dominion over the whole world. But it was in the twilight hour that the tranquillising influences of the summer evening were fully felt—when the balmy breeze from the shores of luxuriant Italy cooled its delicious fragrance on the bosom of the deep, and came with sweet freshness to the invalid. It was then that the 'Tulip's second-lieutenant experienced a soothing to his sorrows; and though the weight of disappointed affection

pressed heavy upon his spirits, yet HE who made all things by the word of his power ordained that his creation should take precedence of every thought in the mind of man, so that even affection should yield to a pleasing contemplation of the beauteous wonders he has formed.

The corvette seemed exactly the sort of mystic craft adapted to those sunny waters; and her young commander exulted in the pride of his heart when he beheld the shadow of her fair proportions thrown by the moon on the smooth surface of the sea, whilst her slumbering sails were silently filled by the breath of heaven, and she moved through the yielding element like a thing of life. Few persons can form an adequate idea of the attachment which a seaman cherishes for his ship: she becomes his darling, his boast, his delight, and he loves to see her boldly breasting the surges, dashing the spray from her bows, and clearing her way with something like human energy. The Tulips almost worshipped their gallant sea-boat, and longed for some opportunity to offer that might immortalise her name in the annals of naval history.

And stirring service *was* at hand; for, after some weeks' cruising off Sicily, they reentered

to Aboukir Bay, and soon afterwards joined the flotilla for the reduction of Alexandria, where General Menou still held out, nor would accept of the convention granted to the French army that surrendered at Cairo. General Hutchinson commanded the land forces, Rear-admiral Sir Richard Bickerton the naval armament; and braver fellows never before screwed bayonet on a musket, or rammed home an eighteen-pounder.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the whole of the proceedings from the time of landing the troops till the evacuation of Alexandria by the enemy—they are matters of general history, and therefore may be perused in other works; whilst individual gallantry is seldom noticed in public despatches, and therefore become exclusively the property of the biographer. The Royal Navy of England has at all times been celebrated for the daring exploits of those intrepid men who never thought of defeat, but nobly sustained the honour of the flag: whether it floated at the gaff end, was hoisted on a staff within a battery, or waved before them as they marched (the most difficult task of all to a seaman) to meet the foe on hard ground—wherever or however displayed, they made it the standard of victory. Of these, none were more

worthy of being celebrated than the naval heroes of Egypt from the battle of the Nile to the period when the tri-color was driven from the shores it had invaded.

It was impossible for the young lieutenant to witness the bold exploits that were every hour presented without feeling his energies revive : the love of country—attachment to his profession—his character as an officer, aroused him from his lethargy ; and though he was no longer the cheerful companion or the social messmate, yet he became more animated than ever in the discharge of his duties, and there was a coolness and determination in his bravery that rendered him the admiration of his brother officers and the pride of the honest tars.

There is perhaps no place in the world similarly situated with Alexandria, standing, as it does, on an artificial neck of land which unites the continent to what was formerly an island, but now constitutes the peninsula of Pharos. It is nearly surrounded with water, having Lake Mareotis on the south side, divided from the sea by a narrow causeway ; the ocean on the north-east and south-west washing its very base, whilst a small promontory defends it from the Mediterranean on the north-west. Thus it would be almost impregnable if well

fortified, and with a perfect command on the waters. But this latter was not the case with the French, for the British flag reigned triumphant, and

“ Britannia ruled the waves.”

Our hero was appointed to command a division of armed launches from the fleet, destined to co-operate with the land forces under Major-general Coote against the town of Marabout, situated some seven or eight miles to the westward of Alexandria, and protecting the western side of the harbour. It was on the morning of the 21st of August they boldly advanced to the attack; the outposts were driven in, the enemy retired, and, after a brave defence, the town surrendered in the evening. The flotilla anchored to preserve the station they had gained, and be prepared for a still more arduous undertaking on the morrow. A higher rank took command—the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, and hearts beat high for death or glory.

Ten-thousand was greatly attached to reminiscences of the olden time; and he loved to peruse the records of early history, so as to engage his mind in ruminations of the past. At the moment of being ordered away, he had been reading the account of Alexandria by Diodorus, and he had almost unconsciously slipped



the book into his pocket and taken it with him. Now, those who have visited that part of the Mediterranean shores and professed a desire for research cannot have failed to have had their minds excited by remembrances of its former splendour, when it was said to rival Rome in its dimensions, and was considered the first commercial city of the old world.

It was a beautiful evening: there was the bustle of preparation in the fleet, particularly amongst the British sloops of war and the Turkish corvettes, whilst on the east side of Alexandria a brisk cannonade was kept up, and in Marabout the troops were reposing on their laurels. Our hero, seated in the stern of his boat, took out the volume to beguile the time, and to drive away thoughts that frequently embittered his existence. Often, as he read, he suddenly stopped, and raising his glass, directed it to different objects on the shore, particularly towards the obelisks that showed themselves towering above the town. The boat's crew carefully noted his actions; and as hard fighting had somewhat relaxed discipline, the coxswain, respectfully touching his hat, "made bould to ax Mr. Courtney if so be he had got all the bearings and distances logg'd down in his book, and which on 'em was Clip-sypartree's darning-needle."

The lieutenant smiled ; but he was at all times too good-humoured and communicative to deny an answer to any one who desired information. “ This,” said he, “ is a description of what Alexandria was, not what it is now ; for it has undergone many revolutions since Diodorus wrote.”

“ Mayhap so, sir,” returned the coxswain ; “ and I ’m thinking it will have another heavy-lution afore this time to-morrow I suppose Muster Diddleus was the Hamilton Moore of his time, and worked the traverses for them as comed arter him. It ’ll be an ould place then, sir, and not much good to be got out on it ?”

“ It is very ancient, coxswain,” replied the officer, “ and was founded by Alexander the Great. Mr. Diddleus, as you call him, says that in his time the city contained three hundred thousand freemen : but that glory has departed, and only a small portion remains to show what its splendour must have been. Alexander was buried here.”

“ Was he an admiral, sir ?” inquired the coxswain, who believed no one to be greater except the King and Billy Pitt.

“ No ; he was a monarch,” answered the lieutenant ; “ and I was just reading about his funeral. The corpse was placed in a coffin of

beaten gold, wrought in the form and exact proportions of the body; every vacant space was filled with the choicest aromatic spices, and a cover of gold was clapped on over all."

"By the tropics of war! Mr. Courtney, but I should like to overhaul that same coffin for my share of prize-money!" said the coxswain.

"—It was placed on a chariot under a triumphal arch of gold," continued the lieutenant; "which arch was adorned with costly precious stones, and supported by pillars of gold, after the *Ionic* order——"

"I ax pardon, sir, for interrupting," exclaimed the coxswain; "but I'm thinking that *Old-Nick* order must have been a *devilish* queer one, anyhow, for a man to be hove overboard with."

The lieutenant laughed, and, knowing the utter inutility of explanation, proceeded—"On each side of the arch was placed a golden image of Victory——"

"Ah, now there's some sense in that!" observed the coxswain; "and so ought the figure-head of the ould ship to be carved in gould—that ud be doing things somut ship-shape."

"But the expense, my man, and the danger of losing it!" said the lieutenant: "besides, good timber is at times more valuable than the

precious metal.—But, to go on——was a golden image of Victory bearing a laurel. On the top was a gold fringe or network, from which hung golden bells, which were so large that they might be heard at a considerable distance.”

“I’m bless’d but them bells would have done nicely to have got some gould *rings* out on !” remarked the coxswain, unknowingly giving utterance to a pun.

“Under this arch,” continued our hero, “was erected a throne of gold adorned with little coronets of various beautiful colours ; and at the entrance to the arch were golden lions looking very fiercely. On the top of the arch, in the middle of the front, was a purple carpet, bearing a crown of gold so large that, by the reflection of the sunbeams, it darted such amazing splendour and brightness as at a distance resembled a flash of lightning. The whole was set upon two axletrees, the ends of which were also of gold, representing lions’ heads with darts in their jaws ; it was borne along upon four wheels covered with gold, and was drawn by sixty-four of the largest and finest mules that could be procured, each mule having a crown of gold upon its head, and golden bells on both sides of the neck, the collars being beautified with precious stones.”

“Do you think the enemy has got hould of any on ’em, Mr. Courtney?” inquired the coxswain. “Well, I’m blow’d but I should like to get that ’ere crown that shined like a dollar, just for a present to his Majesty, God bless him! I shouldn’t wonder but he ’d order me a bottle o’ rum for it.”

“This was also the burial-place of Ptolemy,” said the lieutenant; “and his tomb was made of gold.”

“It’s a doorable article, sir, is gould,” said the coxswain; “and if I get four-and-twenty hours’ leave, and can steer clear o’ the grog-shop, maybe I won’t be having a overhaul arter Mr. Dollyme’s monymment!”

“How are you, Courtney?—eh! haw!—better?” shouted Captain Rogerson, rowing up in his boat. “Splendid day to-morrow—the—haw — admiral — haw — means to send a party of hands — haw — to reeve his best bower cable through the eye of Cleopatra’s Needle.”

The seamen pricked up their ears and religiously believed it, each longing to have a finger in the fun; and the coxswain whispered, “Why, what the —— is the ould boy going to be at now?—that needle would have made a mainsel for Noah’s ark.”

“I am bound ashore, Courtney,” said the captain, who appeared to have studiously attended to his toilet, as his full-dress uniform plainly evinced; “there’s to be a little battery-work this evening, and—haw—

‘Will you go see the order of the course?’”

Our hero would have willingly complied; but at that moment a lieutenant from the flag-ship brought instructions for the division of boats under his command to attack a French frigate that lay outside the other shipping, and, if practicable, to board and secure her, so as to produce a diversion, whilst a bombardment was carried on to the eastward. The flotilla was speedily in motion, and, amidst a shower of shot and shells, succeeded in getting alongside. Then commenced the hand-to-hand encounter. The bold British tars clambered up the best way they were able, but were hurled back again maimed and wounded—some falling overboard to rise no more, others destitute of life before they fell. Yet, with undaunted courage, fresh numbers tried to board; and the assailants increasing every minute, the crew of the frigate were too much dispersed to become properly effective in defence. The forecask was gained by the young lieutenant and his men, who ascended by the foretack bumkin

and head-rails ;—a desperate rush was made along the starboard gangway, and the enemy retreating to rally on the quarter-deck, the side was left unguarded, and in an instant the boarding party threw themselves one after the other, many of them headlong over the waist hammock nettings to join their intrepid comrades. Amongst them appeared Captain Rogerson ; yet the figure he cut was so extremely ludicrous, that, but for the stains of blood upon his white waistcoat, it would have been impossible to refrain from a hearty laugh at his expense. The fact was, instead of going on shore, he had followed, *con amore*, either to witness or join in the affray ; and finding that the enemy made a most determined resistance, he preferred the latter, and in endeavouring to ascend the fore chains, his white kerseymer tights were rent from clew to ear-ring,—or, in other words, were split from flap to waistband. Up however he went, but was knocked backwards by an awkward blow that flattened in his gold-laced cocked-hat ; and he would have gone overboard, had not a seaman caught him by the tails of his full-dress uniform coat, which, yielding to the weight of the wearer, gave way behind right up to the collar, so as to leave one half attached to one arm and the



other half attached to the other arm : but still he would not divest himself of what had now become an encumbrance.

On the quarter-deck of the frigate stood her commander, with his surviving officers and people pouring in a destructive fire on the boarders. Captain Rogerson, one flap of his cocked-hat hanging down over his back like a coalheaver's, waved his gold-hilted sword above his head and shouted, "D—— your bloods ! make a lane there !" and dashed impetuously on the Frenchmen. Courtney was at his side, and the bold tars promptly followed ; but the phalanx did not give way, and the British were driven back. For an instant the two chiefs eyed one another, and each by the flourish of his weapon seemed desirous of a personal encounter. The firing never ceased for an instant ; for the marines had made good their footing, and were going through their clock-work evolutions with coolness and precision, whilst the enemy were equally destructive, though not quite so formal. Rogerson cut a cross with the point of his sword upon the deck, and looked defiance at the French captain, who returned the salute as accepting the challenge. They advanced towards each other almost by a simultaneous spring, when Roger-

son, his eye keenly fixed upon his antagonist, suddenly tucked his sword under his arm, and pulling out a splendid gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, with the utmost politeness of manner, as if he had been in a convivial party, knocked up the lid and presented it to the astonished Frenchman. “ *Un petit—aw—prise de tabac, monsieur ?*” exclaimed he with matchless coolness and effrontery ; “ and then—aw—hold your own.”

The act seemed to stagger the captain of the frigate ; but at that instant another officer of similar rank sprang forward and made a pass at Rogerson, which would probably have proved fatal to him, but for the clever fence of our hero, who parried it with skill and returned it with unerring effect. This was the signal for a renewal of attack, and desperate grew the spectacle of slaughter ; but at length British valour triumphed, and the enemy cried for quarter.

The lieutenant was running aft to haul down the colours, when his haste was arrested by perceiving the officer he had wounded leaning against one of the quarter-deck guns in a state of great exhaustion. During the encounter he had not observed the features of his countenance ; but now he instantly recognised

them,—they were too deeply impressed upon his memory to be forgotten;—it was Dubois. An instinctive shudder crept over the heart of the young man — the colours were no longer thought of, but Ten-thousand lost not a moment in addressing the traitor, who was too seriously hurt to get away.

“ I am in your power, sir,” said Dubois, speaking in French ; “ you were once in mine and I was merciful,—act with similar mercy towards me.”

“ You are a traitor and a murderer !” exclaimed Ten-thousand ; “ do you think I have forgotten your treachery at Herr Vonestracht’s ?”

“ I might retort,” said Dubois ; “ I might ask who assassinated Tiercelin ; but all that would avail me nothing ! I am bleeding to death, — my hours are numbered !—Oh, God ! there is a heavy weight upon my soul, and yet I would not die dishonoured ; conceal your knowledge of me, monsieur,—it is the solemn request of one who will soon cease to breathe.”

“ I cannot swerve from my duty,” responded the lieutenant, somewhat touched by his supplications and wounded condition ; “ I must make my report with fidelity.”

“ Be it so,” returned Dubois as he clenched his teeth together ; “ but hear me, young man,

and mark my words; come closer, for I am growing faint. I feel that life is ebbing fast, and I cannot long survive;—spare your report, then, until I am no more. Promise me that—only that.”

“ You may not be so dangerously or mortally hurt as you imagine,” said our hero; “ therefore recovery is not improbable. How then would such a promise stand in accordance with my honour?”

“ No, no,” replied Dubois; “ recovery is out of the question. Entertain but one hope of it—cherish the thought in your heart, and I am safe.—Here, young man, here—closer yet, for there are listeners by, and my communication must meet no other ears than yours.”

Our hero approached close to the wounded officer, and a whispering conversation of a few minutes ensued. At its close the face of Tenthousand was ashy pale,—he trembled in every joint—he staggered from his position, and would have fallen but for the instant aid of the coxswain, who advancing to obtain orders, was just in time to render support to the lieutenant. “ It cannot be !” exclaimed the latter as his faculties rallied to restoration,—“ it is impossible !—And yet there are facts—Oh, God ! this is indeed a trial ! Suppose it true ——” He

ruminated a minute, and then added, "Coxswain, convey this officer to the cabin. And," addressing a young midshipman who was much attached to him, "Penrose, bear a hand, lose not an instant in finding a surgeon.—But, avast ! here is Murray himself." Murray, the assistant surgeon of the *Tulip*, approached. "For the love of God, Murray, and by every feeling of friendship you may cherish for me, let me beg of you to see to the wounds of this officer directly. Do not stop to inquire the cause of my agitation, but again I entreat you to comply with my request."

Supported by the coxswain and young Penrose, Capitaine-de-frégate Dubois descended to the cabin, attended by Murray, who carefully examined and dressed his wounds, which though extremely severe, were none of them mortal. The frigate had been towed out by the boats, and having been supplied with additional hands, now pointed her guns upon the vessels in the harbour. Captain Rogerson had returned to the corvette with a few slight scratches, and his dress being somewhat decently adjusted, he proceeded to the flag-ship. Murray sought our hero (who had resigned his command to a superior officer) and informed him of the state in which Dubois really was.

“Is he aware that his wounds are not mortal?” inquired the lieutenant eagerly; “have you told him there is hope?”

“No,” replied Murray; “he is nearly insensible,—but there certainly is no immediate danger: he must not, however, be disturbed.”

Ten-thousand appeared to be greatly agitated, indeed almost convulsed. “Do not let him know it; but, Murray, if you prize me as a friend—if you value the future happiness of a fellow-creature, try and save him. I must see him, speak to him; for if he dies insensible,—oh, God!——” and he hurriedly paced the deck.

“He will be sent to the hospital, Mr. Courtney, unless you could get him removed to the corvette,” said the assistant surgeon. “His wounds will require some pretty practice, and I should like very much to—— You understand me.”

“I do, Murray,” responded the lieutenant, who conjectured that his professional friend wished to try his skill on the Anglo-Frenchman. “He shall have my cabin if it can be accomplished. But is he in a fit state to be removed?”

“Certainly not at this present period,” replied the assistant surgeon; “but there

is no fear of his getting away — he is safe enough where he is.”

At this moment our hero received orders to collect his men and take his station on the flank of the troops that were drawn out under Major-general Coote on the narrow isthmus leading to the town. It had long been dark, but there was no difficulty in executing the command, and placing himself in the flotilla under Captain Cochrane, they eagerly awaited daylight. At the first dawn the whole were in motion,—post after post was carried, the enemy retreating in the greatest confusion, leaving behind them their cannon and wounded. For four successive days there was nothing but downright hard fighting; the blockade of the town was fully completed, four batteries were opened on each side of it, and on the morning of the 27th, General Menou requested an armistice of three days to prepare a capitulation. This was granted, and hostilities ceased.

The first opportunity that offered, our hero boarded the French frigate, his mind eagerly hoping to solve the mystery which hung over him; for that Dubois was acquainted with important transactions relative to his birth and being so cruelly abandoned in his infancy, he entertained no doubt;—in fact, the private whis-



pering had revealed a circumstance to him that filled his heart with anguish and dismay. He hastily ran below to the cabin, his cheeks flushed, his breath quick, his pulse quivering;—a few minutes would probably explain all that he ardently longed to know. He entered—but—Dubois was gone, and the only account that could be given of him rested on the supposition that he had plunged overboard from the cabin-window during an attack of delirium and was drowned.

To describe the state of the lieutenant's mind would be impossible, nor shall I attempt it. He returned to his ship almost distracted; for in his secret communication with Dubois the traitor had declared himself our hero's father. But cooler reflection brought with it greater composure. If it was indeed the fact, then he had been spared the painful task of impeaching a parent, and the secret of his disgraceful connexion remained concealed within his own breast. Yet he recollected the intimacy that existed between Dubois and Acheson, and the effect which had been produced on Aunt Alicia by the mention of his name: the whole was a mystery which now, he feared, would never be solved. He called to memory also that his own hand had inflicted one wound amongst the

many he had received ; though the relation-ship was then unknown to him, and it was in the performance of his duty that it had been given.

The boatswain's-mate's shrill pipe aroused him from his painful and perplexing embarrassment ;—he listened, and the hoarse voice resounded down the hatchways, “ Up anchor ahoy ! ”—The Tulip was bound to sea immediately. That night they were many leagues from land, and daylight the next morning gave a clear horizon all around them. About four bells in the forenoon watch, “ Sail-o ! ” was shouted from the look-out aloft, and a few minutes sufficed to ascertain that it was a ship of warlike appearance standing nearly across the corvette's fore-foot. Chase was immediately given—the stranger continued his course, and the two ships rapidly neared each other till their hulls were visible from the deck of each.

The *official* rig for the day, amongst the officers, was a pea-jacket with the uniform button, a leathern cap, canvass knee-breeches, and top-boots ; and it was in this costume, under a warm sun, that Captain Rogerson stood upon the top-gallant forecastle of his beautiful vessel attentively examining the stranger through his glass. She had already

been pronounced a frigate; but of what nation, except that she certainly was not English, there remained considerable doubt. At a signal-distance the colours were hoisted; but the frigate took no notice, except to edge more away and set her studding-sails. The corvette, however, came up with her hand-over-hand, and there could be no doubt that a couple of hours more would attest the national character of the chase. The Tulip's company were ordered aft, and they speedily mustered on the quarter-deck.

“ My brave Tulips !” said their young commander, addressing them, “ I have every reason to believe that you have now a glorious opportunity of capturing an enemy's ship of greatly superior force. Be cool, and don't throw a single shot away. And, boarders, if you are wanted, I shall lead you myself ! Have your ports ready for unshipping in an instant; but wait for the word. Double-shot the guns: and, first captains, make sure of your mark before you fire.—To quarters !”

This was uttered by the captain without one particle of his usual affectation, and in a few minutes the guns were cast loose, the laniards of the half-ports singled, and every man stood ready at his post. The officers

with their glasses keenly watched the motions of the stranger, who, as soon as there was a prospect of their telling, discharged her stern-guns, but without showing any ensign. The Tulip gallantly pursued her way unharmed, the men longing to return the fire, and excited to impatience as they heard the whistling of the messengers that flew over or close to them. The captain observed it,—“Pink shirts and tulip caps!” shouted he; and in an instant every man ran below; and in three minutes they were again at their guns, equipped according to orders. Not a single flash of powder had as yet manifested any signs of armament on board the corvette: her people crouched down at their quarters, and not a creature was visible except the commander and his first-lieutenant.

As they closed with the frigate, however, her fire was better directed; a fact which was evidenced by the crashing of spars and the rending of sails. Still the Tulip made no return; nor were they aware to what nation the enemy belonged.

“There are turbans on board,” said Captain Rogerson when within half-pistol shot. “She’s no Frenchman, that’s certain; and if a Turk, she takes us for French, despite

our ensign.—Steer steady, my lad, and keep a little open of his weather-quarter. We'll try what he's made of presently. Go it, my Tulip!—steady so!—Marines and small-arm-men send a volley into her stern, and just astonish their weak minds!"

The volley was fired: the frigate gave a broad yaw to leeward; but not a broadside gun was discharged, though there would have been a favourable opportunity. "You have hit the helmsman," said the first lieutenant; "they'll want a fresh hand at the wheel. Another volley or two will keep the fellows at those stern-chasers in check."

They were rapidly nearing the enemy, who still kept up their fire, when a shot struck the first-lieutenant, shattered his arm close up to the shoulder, and laid him prostrate on the deck. A deep flush of anger spread over the fine features of Captain Rogerson as he raised the poor fellow up, and, calling to four of the seamen, directed them to carry the officer below. "The rascals shall pay dearly for that!" exclaimed the captain; and springing on the taffrail, he stood sternly gazing at the enemy.

The ships were running with the wind about a point abaft the beam, the larboard-side being

the weather-side. The Tulip's musketry played upon the frigate till the former had got well upon her quarter, when the word was given, "Up with the helm!—in ports!—out guns!—and, d—n 'em, physic 'em!"

The manœuvre was well performed: the corvette, obedient to the rudder, fell off in admirable style; she passed within ten yards of her opponent's stern, and crash! crash! crash! went every double-shot slap into her, knocking the windows into one mass of ruin, and ploughing up the decks as they rattled fore and aft. Then arose loud shrieks, which were distinctly heard as the corvette ranged to leeward, and a feeble fire from the frigate's starboard guns was returned. The fact was, that, seeing the Tulip, as they thought, trying for the weather-gage, the larboard guns alone had been attended to; and when, having given them a terrible raking, the corvette ran under their lee, they were unprepared for defence. Another broadside was poured in by the Tulips as she walked past her opponent; and then, luffing across her bows, they again raked her as they passed her fore-foot, though at greater distance than before. The frigate bore up dead before it, and the corvette did the same, which brought them abeam of each other, and

for ten minutes a heavy fire was kept up on both sides; but the Tulip, having the superiority of sailing, again crossed the frigate's bows, and raked her with deadly effect. Turbans were seen waving; the enemy's guns were silent; the sails were let go by the run, in token of surrender; and it was not till then that the people of the frigate seemed to be sensible that they had no colours flying which it was possible to strike. Captain Rogerson took no notice of this; he treated them to another broadside, when up went a bright red flag with a Moor's head on the field; it floated a few minutes at the peak, and was then hauled down.

“An Algerine, by all that's abominable!” exclaimed Captain Rogerson. “Some of them shall try the yard-rope if I live another hour. Out boats, Mr. Courtney, and take possession of the prize. But those fellows are not to be trusted; you must go well manned and armed!”

The small cutter was lowered down, and the large cutter was hanging in the stay-tackles, when the treacherous Algerine passed under the corvette's stern, and, notwithstanding she had struck, again renewed her fire. Courtney was forward at the time, but he instantly ran



aft—Captain Rogerson staggered towards him, and fell mortally wounded into the lieutenant's arms. To convey their revered commander below and to reopen their fire was but the work of a few minutes; and our hero found himself unexpectedly and unwished-for the responsible commandant of the corvette. "Now, Parker," said he to his junior, "we have it to ourselves. Well behaved, my lads! make every shot tell who sent it!"

But the Algerines again gave evidences of surrender—the large red flag with the Moor's head was once more hoisted and hauled down; still the lieutenant was doubtful of their keeping good faith; he, therefore, ran the frigate aboard, and with a party of daring fellows rushed on to the frigate's decks. They met with no resistance: the treacherous villains had gone below to hide themselves. Courtney returned to the corvette, and the ships swung clear.

By some unaccountable circumstance, the only British officer left in the Algerine was a young midshipman who had barely seen his twelfth year; it had been probably owing to the confusion incident on the separation of the vessels that this had taken place; but the moment Courtney was aware of it, he directed Parker to take the small cutter and assume

the command. The boat was hauled up alongside, the junior lieutenant was descending into it, when a wild shout arose from the frigate, for which there seemed to be no adequate cause. Courtney hastened to the gangway to hail, the men returned to their guns; but the whole was soon explained, when, suspended from the extremities of the main and fore topmast studding-sail booms, appeared the writhing bodies of the captain and second in command of the frigate. It was lawless justice—the lieutenant would have restrained it; but it was too late—the wretches hung convulsively hitching in their last death-throes, and were left a fearful spectacle of retribution.

As soon as duty would permit, Ten-thousand visited the cabin, where his supposed rival the handsome Rogerson was stretched on his couch breathing the slow remains of life away: a grape-shot had nearly torn out his entrails. He was perfectly sensible, and faintly smiled as our hero approached him. “I am going, Courtney,” he feebly uttered; “my anchor is tripping, and it will soon be over.”

“Have better hopes, sir,” replied the lieutenant, deeply affected; “I trust it is not so bad as you seem to fear.”

“I do not fear, Courtney,” rejoined the

dying man. "The officer who serves his country in warfare should always be prepared; and I am ready—quite ready; though it is hard to lose one's life through treachery. The captain of that gang of robbers ought to be hung for his rascality——"

"He has already met that doom, sir," answered the lieutenant. "Your brave fellows have taken the law into their own hands; and yonder he swings, a warning to all false villains."

"That was going too far, though, Courtney,—a sheer breach of discipline; it must be seen to," murmured Rogerson. "But, avast—avast! my own hours are fleeting fast. Sims and Murray both wish to deter me from talking; but I have a few requests to make, Courtney, and the time but short to do it in. My will is in the hands of my legal man of business, and a copy of it will be found in my writing-desk. How is Andrews?"

The assistant surgeon, who had entered just previous, gave our hero a significant look, which, however, did not escape the keen observation of the captain: he became immediately aware that poor Andrews, the first-lieutenant, had already departed; and mournfully shaking his head, he said, "The service

has lost a brave and good officer ; and in a few hours, Courtney, — it may be less,—the command of the corvette will devolve on you. I grieve to leave my fine fellows —” his voice faltered for an instant or two, but, rallying again, he went on—“and for a rascally Algerine,—at a moment too when—But it is useless to complain.”

“ You are wanted on deck, sir, if you please,” said the young midshipman Penrose, entering the cabin, and his eyes filling with tears at beholding his dying commander.

“ I will be up directly,” returned the lieutenant ; and then addressing his captain—“ Have you any commands, sir ?”

“ None, Courtney, — none,” answered he. “ See what ’s the matter,—let them repair damages, and return to me as soon as you can.”

The lieutenant pressed the hand of Rogerson as he extended it in silence, and then hurried on deck to witness the sea round the ship literally covered with Turbans ; for the Algerines, to escape the expected vengeance of the seamen, had thrown themselves overboard, and though many were drowned, there were upwards of a hundred swimming about without hopes of mercy. The boats were employed in

picking them up—some had got on board the corvette by means of ropes thrown to them ; but so exasperated were the seamen at the treachery of the wretches that it was only the high state of discipline which rendered obedience to superiors imperative that prevented the sacrifice of every one.

“ Come on board, sir,” reported a midshipman who had just returned from the frigate ;—  
“ Mr. Parker says, sir, there are some English captives on board, sir—slaves in chains ; and he wants the armourer’s mate to unrivet or cut them.”

“ Take him with you, Mr. Brailsford,” directed the lieutenant ; “ and tell Mr. Parker to send the prisoners on board the Tulip.”

“ They’ve made short work with a good many of them, sir,” said the midshipman : “ there’s a whole line of ’em hanging like swabs to the eye-bolts in the main-deck beams. But Mr. Parker has put a stop to that fun. They richly deserved it, Mr. Courtney, and I couldn’t help lending ——”

“ Bear a hand with your duty, young gentleman !” exclaimed the lieutenant, arresting him in the confession he was about to make of the part he had taken in the summary proceeding. “ Tell Mr. Parker to keep the

Englishmen to lend him a hand in refitting, but to send one of them to me that he may explain how they came to be captured."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the midshipman as he ran forward to call the armourer's mate; and Courtney, having left the master in charge of the deck, again descended to the cabin. He found Captain Rogerson rapidly sinking; but he looked upon his approaching dissolution with an undismayed countenance: he saw death approaching, and he prepared to meet it. "I have been wishing for you, Courtney," said he. "And first, I am charged with despatches for the Admiralty: they are in that box," pointing to a small deal case perforated with holes, to which a heavy weight was attached. "You will convey them without loss of time to their destination. Here are my orders from the commander-in-chief. Let Parker have charge of the frigate, and send her to Gibraltar. The clerk has written my communication for home, and I have put my signature to it: I hope I have done justice to every one. Poor Andrews has left a widow and family; I have added a few lines to my will in his favour—I wish you to witness it." The clerk put the paper before the lieutenant, who silently subscribed his name.—"And

now, Courtney," continued the captain, "having fulfilled my public duty, I must say a few words to you in private." The attendants took the hint and withdrew, whilst our hero's heart beat high and tumultuously, as he expected some disclosure relative to Miss Waldegrave: nor was he disappointed. "Do you remember our trip across the Wight, Courtney?" inquired he; and the lieutenant assented by an inclination of the head, for he was too agitated to speak. "You thought it was for pastime; but I had another object in view. I have a cousin,"—the lieutenant gasped, but it was unnoticed by Rogerson, who went on, "she is young and beautiful, and I loved her with the most intense affection ——"

"And she returned your love!" eagerly exclaimed our hero, borne away by the impetuosity of his feelings, and forgetting at the moment the condition of his rival.

The captain raised his eyes rather reproachfully at the young officer. "No, Courtney, no: she did not return my love as I could have wished she should have returned it. She was kind, she was gentle, she was candid: she mourned my strong, undeviating attachment; she tried to soothe me with the soft accents of sisterly regard; she owned — ay,



she unhesitatingly acknowledged her plighted faith—her devotion to another.”

A wild and irrepressible burst of hysterical laughter was uttered by our hero, as, pressing his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, “Fool that I was to doubt her! Thank Heaven, she is mine yet!”

“Who — who?” inquired Rogerson eagerly. “Who is it that is yours?—my cousin Caroline?—Caroline Waldegrave? Courtney, you have deceived me!”

“For the sake of my future happiness, let me implore you not to cherish such a thought!” responded Ten-thousand. “I knew of your attachment, Captain Rogerson; I saw you walking together. It was that which maddened me; yet I kept my secret. I thought her false to her troth, and ——”

“Enough, enough,” returned Rogerson. “She never would tell me who her accepted lover was; yet, from what I have heard from others, I see it all now. Do you know those features?” He held up a miniature, and the lieutenant instantly recognised the portrait of her he loved. “Let it be laid upon my heart after it has ceased to beat. But hear me, Courtney. Do not let me be buried at sea: carry me to England,—I would be laid in

the tomb of my ancestors." A flush of pride passed over his face. "My time is short—I feel it,—the enemy is tugging at my heart-strings." His mind wandered. "Caroline! Caroline! will you not speak to me?—not one word? Ha! there is a cloud between us—it takes a human shape—it is red with blood—and ——" His head fell back exhausted, and the lieutenant requested the sentry at the door to call the surgeon.

"God bless yer honour, Mr. Courtney," said the coxswain, smoothing down his hair with his roughened hand as he presented himself before the lieutenant,—“God bless you, sir! mayn’t I have one sight o’ the skipper—one parting word? Oonly ax him, your honour, just to see Bill Sykes for one minute.”

"Sykes," feebly uttered the captain, having probably caught the sound of his name as the coxswain pronounced it.

"There! Lord love you, Mr. Courtney! he’s axing for me," said the tar. "Do pray let me lay him alongside, if ounly for a minute."

Bill was admitted. He approached the expiring remains of his commander, and, bending down over the body, his sobs were perfectly audible.

“Who’s there?” inquired Rogerson, rallying again, and opening his eyes. “Oh—ah, coxswain! — The galley — and — haw — sea-green frocks and velvet breeches.—Tell Mr.—haw — Mr. Andrews—” A flash of recollection returned. “But where is he?—gone! gone! and I am about to follow in his wake! —not according to etiquette though. Courtney! — haw — see my boat manned, if you please.—Sykes!”

“Yes, yer honour, it’s Bill,” mournfully ejaculated the coxswain, vainly endeavouring to suppress his emotion.

“Take the galley and land at Ryde,—hire a horse—but you know well enough what to do—and,” raising his hand as if holding something, “give this letter yourself to Miss Waldegrave; and should there be any answer, bear a hand back with it. Make short miles, coxswain;—there’s a couple of guineas;—no grog for your life till you come on board again.”

The poor fellow shook his head as he promised obedience; whilst the lieutenant became aware that Sykes was acquainted with circumstances which he himself was extremely desirous of ascertaining. The surgeon entered and motioned for every one to withdraw.

Sykes bent down over his worshipped commander, and his look was fraught with severe distress: his lips moved, but there was no utterance of the voice—and if a prayer, it was earnest though silent. He then slowly quitted the cabin, turning, however, to have one last glance before his departure.

When Courtney returned to the quarter-deck, Brailsford, the midshipman who had carried the armourer to the frigate, stepped up, and having touched his hat, introduced a released slave to the young officer. He was a tall and muscular man when he stood erect; but long confinement and hard fare had reduced his once strong frame, and bending to the oar in a galley had nearly doubled him together. A venerable beard descended to his breast; but he had no other clothing than a small skull-cap on his head, loose trowsers in a filthy condition, and a tattered shirt.

“You are an Englishman, I understand,” said the lieutenant, eyeing him with intense interest. “How long have you been in the clutches of these barbarians?”

“Upwards of twenty years,” returned the man. “I was at sea when Nelson visited the port, and have suffered greater hardships from the tyrants since that time.”

“How and where did you fall into their hands?” inquired the officer: “your age”—for he seemed verging upon seventy—“ought to have procured you rest and respect.”

“I am not so old as I appear,” returned the other: “coarse and scanty food, with unceasing labour in chains, are not calculated to improve the looks; but it is the deprivation of freedom—the lash of the oppressor, that goads the heart and withers up the strength of manhood. I was captured in a brig bound to the Levant, and there is now but one left of all her crew besides myself. Now I am once more free,—yet the change does not gladden me so much as I thought it would.—England—home,”—he shuddered,—“perhaps I am alone in the world!”

The lieutenant feelingly entered into the painful surmises of the released captive, and tried to soothe him with more cheering hopes. “What station did you occupy in the brig?” inquired he.

“It was a dubious one, sir,” answered the man; “part passenger, part sailor. At some fitting opportunity, if it please you, I will relate every particular.”

“How many more of you are there?” asked the lieutenant; “and what has been

their capacity, as far as your knowledge extends?"

"There are fourteen English and six French," responded the man, "most of them seamen; and we were looking out for an expected convoy, under the hope of catching a straggler or two."

"Are these twenty men fit to be trusted, do you think?" inquired the lieutenant, earnestly watching the poor fellow's countenance.

"The brutality they have endured must, in a great measure, have obliterated that proud sense of humanity and honour which is characteristic of man in a civilised state," answered the captive; "but now they will meet with kind and generous treatment, the joys of liberty, and a prospect of restoration to their native land, all these will excite their gratitude and render them devoted to the wishes of their deliverers, was there no other incentive to actuate them."

"In which vessel do you wish to remain?" asked the lieutenant. "Am I wrong in supposing that you have once moved in educated circles? if so, state the fact, and you shall mess with the lieutenants, or the midshipmen at the least."

A heavy sigh escaped from the individual addressed, as if certain recollections of the past had been suddenly awakened. "Your offer demands my warmest thanks," said he: "but, sir, whatever my early life has been, I am desirous now to sink into obscurity. May God reward you for your kindness to a dispirited stranger!"

Notwithstanding the emaciated and tattered appearance of the man, there was that in his mode of speaking and demeanour which could not be mistaken for low and vulgar life. There is a sort of freemasonry amongst real gentlemen that readily communicates the bond of brotherhood, and it is only the uninitiated that suffer themselves to be deceived by the showy semblance. Our hero was prompt in his decisions: he directed his servant to furnish the emaciated captive with clothing from his own stock, and to supply him with a plentiful repast.

In a few hours both ships were perfectly refitted; the prisoners were confined in irons, as their treacherous disposition could not be relied on; a prize crew of twenty men with the twenty released Europeans manned the frigate; and together they made sail for Gibraltar. The acknowledgement of Captain Rogerson



had removed an oppressive burthen from the mind of the lieutenant: it had given him fresh life and renewed vigour, though the pleasing certainty of Caroline's regard was accompanied by the dark cloud which overshadowed the future. Poor Andrews was consigned to the "seaman's grave" with every honour that could be shown consistent with the state of the dying captain, who never spoke again, but at midnight breathed his last breath, and our hero found himself in sole command.

Pursuant to the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton, every sail was cracked upon the Tulip, who left her prize far astern, and as darkness progressed, had almost disappeared. On the following morning, however, she was not only in sight, but had actually gained upon the corvette; and the wind freshening abaft, she brought it up in fine style, to the great surprise of the Tulips. Wishing to communicate the death of their chief to Parker, our hero took in his canvass and hove-to. On coming within hail, the mournful event was told; and the lieutenant ascertained that Parker had been altering the trim of the frigate (which had been purchased from the Genoese) by bringing her down by the stern, and this was the cause of her improvement in sailing; — in

fact, on renewing his course, the ships kept admirable company, and our hero resolved, if she caused him no detention, to carry the prize home with him to England.

A fine spanking breeze swept the vessels through the Gut; and as it was night when they passed the Rock, they were unobserved by the cruisers. But Fortune was not yet sufficiently satisfied with the favours she had conferred upon our hero; there were yet others in store, as if to reward him for past troubles. They got into soundings with the wind still fair, though light, and were enveloped in one of those dense hazes which are common in the Chops of the Channel. For one whole night they had not seen each other; but as morning approached, the breeze freshened, and the atmosphere partially cleared, so as to show two large ships on the larboard beam of the corvette, the most distant of which was made out to be the prize, who had also caught sight of the stranger and was closing towards her. Not a moment was lost in going to quarters in the corvette, and edging more away to port, they soon brought the stranger within hail. She was evidently a two-and-thirty gun frigate, and the private signals were unanswered. "Stand to your guns, my men!" uttered our

hero in a suppressed tone, though it was distinctly heard fore and aft. "Fire if I should wave my hat." He then raised his speaking-trumpet,—“Ho, the ship ahoy!”

“Haloo!” was the response which echoed amongst the Tulip’s sails as the vessels were closely approaching to each other.

“What ship’s that?” demanded the lieutenant. “This is his Britannic Majesty’s ship Tulip, bound to Plymouth.”

“*Sacré Anglais!*” returned a loud and defying voice in French. “*Voilà mon nom et ma nation!*” and a rattling broadside flew over the corvette, rending the courses and carrying away some of the shrouds, but without injuring a man.

The lieutenant waved his hat, and the broadside was returned with a precision that told in every discharge: he then dropped astern; and Parker ranging up on the star-board side of the Frenchman,—for he had hoisted the tri-color,—managed to bring all his main-deck guns to bear. The corvette was again ready, when another large ship, looming like one of the line, showed herself astern as if hastening to join in the action. Ten-thousand knew not whether she was French or English; but he felt that he had no alternative but to

fight. He got close to the Frenchman's quarter, — yawed broad away to starboard, and poured in a well-directed fire that brought down the enemy's mizen-mast; and Parker making show of renewing his attack, the French second in command (for the chief had fallen) hailed that he had surrendered: and thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, our hero, to his delight and astonishment, found himself the victor over a ship vastly his superior. But there was the ship astern, and “perhaps the Frenchman had struck to prevent the effusion of blood, well knowing that she would soon be retaken.” Thus calculated our hero: but the matter was set at rest when the Frenchman was boarded, and the second in command was brought back to the corvette. “Monsieur,” said he as he surrendered his sword to the young lieutenant, “there is no dishonour in yielding to numbers. A large frigate, a heavy corvette, with a seventy-four coming up, are odds too fearful to contend with. *La Pallas* is yours.”

Ten-thousand did not undeceive him, but lost not a single moment in securing the prisoners in the hold of their own ship; and leaving her with Parker, he reconnoitred the advanc-

ing stranger, who the moment she made out English colours immediately shortened sail and hauled to the wind. But the corvette was too close for her to escape, and in another hour he had recaptured a large Chinaman belonging to the Honourable East India Company, that had been taken by a French squadron the previous day; and the prize-master, when he first saw the other ships, took them for the friends from whom he had parted. The English crew of the Indiaman had not been removed, though the captain and some of the officers had; she was therefore turned over to a portion of her own people with an officer of the Tulip to command, and the rest were sent on board the French frigate with ten men from the corvette.

Nothing could exceed the exasperation and mortification of the Frenchman when he ascertained the actual state of affairs;—he cursed his stars, and earnestly, even on his knees, implored his captor to let him return to his ship and fight him again; but this *modest* request not being complied with, he raved and tore his hair like a madman, so that at length they were compelled to put him under restraint. A jury mizen-mast was rigged in prize the second, and a fresh gale coming on, they bore up for England. The succeeding day they made

the land,—the wind blew right up Channel,—the Eddystone light showed itself that evening, and not liking to run into Plymouth in the dark, they continued their course, were off the Needles the next morning and rattled away for Spithead.

The corvette, in deep mourning, and her ensign and pennant half-mast, led in ; next came Brailsford in the Algerine ; then Parker (who had been shifted) in the French frigate ; Penrose in the Chinaman bringing up the rear. Such a goodly and costly display of prizes had scarcely ever before been seen, and certainly never as captured by one vessel of so inferior a force. It is true that the Frenchman had been led into a mistake through a clever ruse ; but that did not detract from the merit of the thing ; and there were the whole safe in a British port.

The guard-boats soon announced the glorious achievement amongst the shipping at Spithead ; and as soon as the anchor was down, our hero went on shore and waited upon the admiral with the despatches. It is unnecessary to repeat the warm eulogies of the veteran, or the congratulation of Captain Yorick, who entered the admiral's office purposely to see his gallant protégé ; for the Jason was then in

harbour refitting, and the knowledge of the action had been gleaned from the boat's crew of the corvette,—in fact, it was speedily spread with numerous exaggerations throughout Portsmouth, and none were more enthusiastic in applause than Yorick himself. — Yes — there was one, who had hastened to the Sally-port, and whose voice was heard impatiently hailing Bill Sykes.

“What cheer, Bill? what cheer, my hearty? — plenty o' prize-money, eh? And how 's your skipper? Bill? — a regular dare-devil, I'm tould!”

“He 's on his beam-ends, Mr. Blocks,—hove down for a full due,” answered the coxswain mournfully.

“Your first-leftenant 'll get promoted,” responded the gunner — for it was he, and, fearing he might hear something unpleasant relative to his foster-child, he worked a traverse in his inquiries.

“Mr. Andrews has struck, Mr. Blocks, and his body is somewhere aground in the Mediterranean,” answered Sykes.

The heart of the gunner beat tumultuously—he longed yet feared to ask the fate of our hero, till at length he uttered, “And who is in charge then, now?”



“Muster Courtney,” replied the coxswain. “But, avast ! I’ll come ashore and tell you all about it.” He did so, to the great gratification of the honest and kind-hearted gunner, who kept exclaiming, “I knew it ! d—— it, I knew it ! Well done, Ten ! I shall see him an admiral yet ! Hurrah !”

A chaise-and-four drove rapidly up to the door of the admiral’s office, and the lieutenant was ordered to proceed without loss of time to the Admiralty with his despatches. A crowd had collected, who enthusiastically cheered him as soon as he made his appearance ; but one well-remembered countenance attracted his attention—it was that of his generous friend and benefactor ;—his hand was instantly extended and his head uncovered in token of affection and respect. The gunner felt both ; he grasped the stretched-out hand, and whilst heartily shaking it, he gazed with real heartfelt delight at the manly countenance of the young officer, and then exclaimed, “God bless you, Ten !—I knew it ! d—— it, I knew it !—you’ll have a flag yet !” and waving his hat, he shouted “Hurrah — hurrah !” as the lieutenant entered the carriage, which dashed off at a tremendous pace, cheers and congratulations hailing him on every side.

Arrived in the metropolis, the despatches were safely delivered at the Admiralty; but our hero's fame had got there before him, as the telegraph had been instantly set to work even previous to his departure from Portsmouth, so that he had only to recapitulate what had taken place. The event was looked upon as of considerable national importance; the newspapers were filled with the bold exploit, and our hero (who had taken up his quarters with General Edmonds) became the lion of the day. The First Lord presented him with his commission as master and commander: he was admitted to an interview with his Majesty, who not only conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, but insisted on his being raised another step to post rank, and the choice of either of the ships given him to command;—he chose the *Tulip*: the India Board presented him with a rich sword and five thousand pounds: he was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor at the City festival, which took place in a few days: in short, work would have been cut out for him during the whole of the coming winter; but he had important duties to perform, and he hurried back to Portsmouth.

The remains of Captain Rogerson had been transferred to the family mausoleum, where a

handsome monument was erected to his memory at the expense of government; and our hero prepared to visit Miss Waldegrave, to announce in person the decease of her brave and noble-minded cousin. Before proceeding further, however, it will be as well to revert to what was taking place amongst the Wentworths, which I shall do in a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms.

SHAKSPEARE.

ALTHOUGH the Honourable Mr. Wentworth did not like wetting his hands in salt water, yet he had no objection to employment; and the influence of his father being exercised in his favour, he was promoted to the rank of master and commander, and appointed to command a division of the Sea Fencibles, stationed on the Channel coast of the Isle of Wight. This enabled him to wear his uniform, which he could not do upon half-pay; and it introduced him into society that would otherwise have discarded a young man in the prime of life who skulked ashore when his country needed his services: for in those days there was a nice sense of honour upon such points; in fact, it was so delicate a matter to suspect

an individual of cowardice, that even the bare suspicion, if not practically refuted, was an extinction of favour amongst the fair sex, and the certain basis of insult from the rougher part of creation. Now, Mr. Wentworth was a great admirer of beauty, and no one could possibly imagine that a timid and dastard heart trembled under the handsome navy-blue with an epaulet on the left shoulder.

In his amours, however, Mr. Wentworth had neither principle nor sentiment, though he valued his sensual enjoyments in proportion to the innocence of his victim. He was also avaricious, and, notwithstanding his prospects of inheriting a princely fortune, he looked upon the contract with Miss Waldegrave as a mere money transaction, and would have paid her but little attention but for the feelings of revenge against our hero, whose happiness he hoped to blight, either by a premature marriage with Caroline, which would render forfeit the principal portion of her fortune, or by a union with himself, which must separate them for ever. He was totally ignorant of the change of name and patronage which the lieutenant had received ; for Ten-thousand, in his letters to Caroline, which Wentworth had suppressed, had never made mention of the sub-

ject ; and, not seeing his name in the Navy List, he hoped that misfortunes had pursued him, and he had left the service.

Amongst the females who had yielded to the base seductions of Captain Wentworth was one of superior education and loveliness. In an evil hour her confiding and orphan heart placed her at the disposal of a villain ; but even here her sense of virtue did not forsake her. Wentworth had pleaded his rank in life as rendering it impossible to make her publicly his wife against the declared will of his father and the contract with Miss Waldegrave ; a private marriage was therefore proposed and acceded to, and poor Lucy was soon after neglected and discarded, the betrayer asserting that both the clergyman and the license were a cheat and fabrication. Alas ! the unhappy girl was in that situation which demanded the utmost sympathy ; but the cold-blooded wretch, who had been actuated by the spirit of revenge to perpetrate the injury, knew nothing of commiseration or pity, though at times he suffered considerable mental distress from the stings of remorse.

The noble lord still remained the lonely hypochondriac ; and Aunt Alicia, doting on the young heir, yet assuming authority

over him which he spurned, retained the management of family arrangements. The young ladies continued much the same as before, except Miss Waldegrave, to whom the anchorite had imparted the interview with the young lieutenant when he visited that part of the island in company with Captain Rogerson. From that time Caroline sought every opportunity to pass as much of her time as possible at the cavern in the cliff, where the mild and amiable demeanour of the recluse so won upon her regard and confidence, that she disclosed all the secrets of her heart and found consolation in the midst of sorrow.

Dawes still continued his lawless career, although enrolled as a non-commissioned officer in the Fencibles; but on more than one or two occasions he had rebelled against the overbearing and tyrannical disposition of his superior, who had even struck him a severe blow, which was never forgotten and never forgiven, and the period for retribution was longed for with an earnestness that kept the flame of resentment glowing in the breast of the daring but wily smuggler.

Such was the posture of affairs when Sir Edward Courtney arrived in England, and became the subject of admiration at every mess,



whether on shore or afloat : even Wentworth had drunk the toast to his name without knowing that the gallant young man was the foundling of the ocean whom he had nearly deprived of life. Miss Waldegrave received the intelligence of her cousin's death, and her warm regrets were excited at his untimely end ; but she was aware of that of which others were not—the identity of Blocks as Courtney, and she rejoiced in the prosperity of the brave young man to whom her pledge of constancy had been given.

Our hero had held more than one conversation with Bill Sykes relative to the conveyance of letters from Captain Rogerson to Caroline, and he determined as early as possible that the honest coxswain should do the same office for him. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he resumed command of the Tulip ; and having devoted a short time to his aged foster-parent whose name he bore, the galley landed him and his young friend Parker (now a commander) at Ryde, from whence he proceeded to the hotel, purposing to despatch Bill Sykes as an avant-courier to the cottage to announce his intention of visiting his lordship, but in point of fact to convey an earnest request to Miss Waldegrave to give him a previous meeting at

the cavern in the cliff. Of course this latter was to be done privately, and the coxswain was directed to be especially cautious in the delivery of the letter.

Away went Bill well mounted on a good strong horse, and after occasionally freshening the nip at the houses which lay in his way, he was passing through the lane where the rencontre between the two officers had taken place which has been before described, when the cry of a female voice for help attracted his attention, and, heaving to, he listened for the direction from which it proceeded. A second cry afforded him the desired information; but the hedges were high, and there was no gate nigh hand through which he could make a passage. Again the voice of distress was heard coming from a field or two distant, and this was too much for Bill: he ran the animal at the lowest gap he could find, expecting that the creature would break through; but, to the surprise of the honest coxswain, he found himself flying over the hedge, the horse having taken a leap in true fox-hunting style, and come down cleverly on the other side,—(Bill always boasted proudly of this feat,)—going away at a slashing pace in the proper direction, as if instinct had instructed the animal that help was needed.

But another hedge lay in the way, and over they went again, descending into a by-path, where two lurking scoundrels were plundering and ill-using a young woman.

“Pirates, by ——!” shouted Bill; and riding full at the nearest, he knocked him down, and then dismounting, laid about him with his heavy stick, administering punishment in no very sparing manner; but he could not delay so as to secure his prisoners, and therefore he was compelled to leave them. The horse stood perfectly still whilst this was going on, except in one instance, when he flung out behind at the fellow who had been rode over, and was approaching to assist his comrade. Bill declared he did it “quite Christian-like, as if he savvy’d the know-nothing was a rascal;” and he shared his grog with him at the next house they stopped at.

The young female was about nineteen years of age, extremely pretty in features and person, and very neatly dressed. She warmly expressed her gratitude to the coxswain, who undertook to see her in safety to the next village. “And what brought you out of your latitude in that ’ere goose’s-gangway sort of a place?” inquired he.

“I was crossing the island on foot,” replied

she, "and was directed that way, as being the shortest."

"And where are you bound to, my precious?" asked Bill, as, leading his horse, he walked by her side, purposing to make up for the stoppage, as he said, "by carrying a taut press as soon as he got aboard again."

"I scarcely know," returned she. "I have walked many weary miles from the metropolis, and have endured much pain and sorrow."

"The Met—Metropolis? Where's that?" inquired Bill. "I do not disactly remember hearing the name afore; though somut runs in my mind, too, as I knows the place."

"I mean London," exclaimed the young woman, who could not, however, help smiling at the tar's simplicity. "I have travelled on foot all the way from London to Portsmouth, and——"

"Lord love your heart! you don't look as if you ever belonged to the hard-working gang, either," said Bill. "But cheer up, my precious! I'll leave you in snug moorings; and when I'm on my passage back from Lord Wentworth's——"

"Lord Wentworth's!" repeated she, interrupting the coxswain. "Are you going to

Lord Wentworth's, then? And do you know his son?"

Bill shook his head as he looked at the flushed cheek of his companion. "I see the tack you're standing on," said he; "but take care, my precious! I scorn to speak ill of my superiors, but if he ain't a d—— bad un, then there's no snakes in Virginny!"

"Oh, too fatally have I experienced it!" rejoined the female, as if speaking to herself. "And yesterday I saw one who will fearfully resent the injury unless I can prevent it. Do you belong to any of the ships at Spithead?"

"Yes; I have the honour to be cappen's coxsun, in his Majesty's ship Tulip," answered Bill with an ill-affected attempt at humility.

"The Tulip?" replied she; "the ship that has been so fortunate? Then, sailor, you may indeed assist me, and I will put trust in your honour."

"Ay, do, lovey!" exclaimed the coxswain; "it's al'ays the best way with me; for, somehow or another, when I don't know the right bearings and distance o' things, why, Lord love you, I'm apt to sail large in my talk, and mayhap gives offence where I'd no manner of intention whatsoever. Put trust in Bill Sykes,

and I'm d—— if ever he hoists false colours to delude a friend !”

“There is a lieutenant of the Tulip of the name of Parker,” said the young woman: “I think he was third lieutenant.”

“He *was* third leftenant, Miss,” assented the coxswain, who, finding that matters were coming more closely home to himself as connected with his officer, assumed a greater show of politeness; “and a betterer man never carried his Majesty commission: — he’s left us now.”

“Left you ! and to what ship has he been appointed, then ?” inquired she. “Can any misfortune have befallen him ? — he was in plain clothes when I saw him ; and it was only for a moment.”

“No misfortun in life, ma’am,—unless being promoted to master and commander be a misfortun,” responded the coxswain.

“Thank God for that !” uttered the gratified female, as tears started from her eyes. “The spirits of our parents will look down with pleasure on their son ; whilst I——” she stopped and shuddered.

“Can’t speak to that,” said the coxswain, who was puzzled by her words, and yet did not like to manifest total ignorance of their

meaning. "If you knows my officer, as you appears to do, why then you knows a good seaman and a brave man ; but I'm thinking you like to have two anchors down at a time,—or what you 'long-shore folks calls, two beaus in your string."

"You wrong me, sailor, by such a suspicion," said the female, trying to suppress her tears : "Lieutenant Parker is my brother. Yet why should I reveal it ? — he who has gained so much honour, to be disgraced by the sister he so fondly loved !"

"Ax you ten thousand pardons, my lady, for being so free," said Bill, taking off his hat. "If you 've had wrong done you, as I fears you have, the captain ull make all that square ; and I 'm bless'd if I wouldn't do anything to sarve you, in regard o' the sake of them as al'ays treated Bill Sykes like a man."

"I told you that I would trust you," returned she with more firmness ; "but I cannot tell you now what has led to all this. Mr. Wentworth has deceived me by a false marriage, and—yet, oh ! my poor heart, how fondly I love him still !"

"The picarooning wagabone !" mumbled the coxswain. "Well, then, I'm blow'd if he don't get it, any how, as far as sarving out a



double allowance of punishment goes ! — and I 'm bless'd if I don't have a hand in it too, if I can : I owes him a trifle or two in the ways of ould remembrances when we was in a frigate together, and I 'm d—— if he don't get a black dog for a blue monkey, or my name's not Bill ! '

They had now arrived at the village ; and Sykes having ordered refreshment for the lady — had a stiff nor'-wester himself, and, in compliance with his promise to the horse, given him fair share of allowance, he urged Miss Parker to remain where she was till his return ; but she was too eager to pursue her journey, lest her brother should meet with Wentworth and a hostile collision take place, to stay at the roadside inn, and when the coxswain quitted her she pursued her way. Bill executed his commission to admiration : a most pressing invitation was sent from his lordship to Sir Edward Courtney, in which the Honourable Mr. Wentworth joined. Caroline received her communication with eager delight, and the coxswain pocketed the King's portrait in gold, as he had often done before : a few lines were penned in return, expressive of her intention to meet him at the place appointed on the following morning.

But a change was about to take place at the

habitation of the recluse ; for on that very day they hoped to renew their affection, at early dawn a stranger appeared upon the beach, whose beard and apparel bespoke him of foreign parts. Restlessly he paced to and fro upon the shore beneath the cavern, and deep bursts of anguish frequently escaped his lips. Sometimes he essayed to ascend the rugged steps that led upwards to the hermitage, then paused irresolute and once more traversed amongst the rocks. “ Oh, God !” uttered he, “ this is indeed a trial ! I had thought myself equal to the task ; but the sickness arising from hope deferred overpowers my faculties and reduces me to childish weakness. Yet here I am once more upon my native land, and standing on the spot which my feet last pressed. The cave of the recluse is still tenanted ; but by whom ? — Hark ! some one approaches.” He concealed himself behind a projecting rock.

The anchorite, who had been to visit one of the sick peasantry, made his appearance, slowly wending his way along the shingly shore. The sun had just arisen and threw his beams upon the waters,—the early morn was tranquil and clear. “ Great and eternal Ruler of the universe,” said he, raising his

hands and eyes to heaven, "Thou whose ways are past finding out! hear the voice of the trembling suppliant who crieth to Thee for pardon and for peace. Adored be Thy name for benefits received; and, oh, bring me at length to Thine everlasting rest!" He paused a few minutes, and his lips moved in silent prayer: he then turned to the ocean. "How delightful is the refreshing breeze after a sleepless night in the apartment of the sick! Here all is tranquillity and repose. Oh, who can look upon the smiling face of Nature and cherish unholy passions in the breast!—Here have I found an asylum from the storm;—Father of mercies, hallowed be Thy name! Such a scene as this—so calm—so beauteous, is it not calculated to allay the burnings of human strife? does it not impart a sacred consolation to the wounded spirit?"

"No!" replied the stranger, suddenly quitting his concealment, and presenting himself before the astonished recluse, — "No! for there are strifes in the breast which nothing can allay — there are wounds of the agonised spirit which no consolation can ever reach."

"You err because you are mortal," returned the aged man; "but HE who knoweth our transgressions and remembereth that we are

but dust and ashes in His sight, pitieth our frailties, and ministereth to every disease whether of body or of mind. What art thou, stranger?"

"A wretch—an outcast—a man of crime!" answered the other as he wrung his hands wildly together. "Years of penitence and misery have not diminished my guilt,—tears and bloody stripes have not washed away remembrance of what I am."

The anchorite gazed with the most intense eagerness at the countenance of his companion, and every limb of his body trembled with emotion, though wholly unperceived by the stranger, whose eyes were fixed upon the ground. "If any unatoned-for guilt lies burthensome on your soul, need I remind you that atonement is the first evidence of repentance, and repentance bringeth with it a remission of sin? I seek not to penetrate the hidden mysteries of a tortured conscience; but, oh! if you hope for salvation hereafter—if you look beyond this world to that which is to come, do justice—love mercy!"

"I can make no atonement here," replied the agitated man. "There was formerly an inhabitant of yon cavern to whom I would have addressed myself. But she was a female

bowed down with age, and I had almost forgotten the long interval of years."

"Her days are ended," returned the hermit; "she has inherited the joyous mansions of the blessed. I am her successor; and if you will enter my abode——"

"Will you—dare you give me shelter?" vehemently inquired the stranger. "I? an outlaw—a mur—— Ah! you would probe my secret to betray me,—you would surrender me up to——"

"—The throne of the Creator," uttered the recluse, interrupting him with firmness and solemnity. "At the footstool of Omnipotence would I pour out my petitions for that intercession which has been promised to all who truly repent. Who can tell," and his voice faltered,—"who can tell but there may be yet comfort in store for you? Come, then—the morning is advancing—come and share my humble meal; and then, oh, God! be Thou my helper, and sustain me in my hour of coming trial!"

The stranger complied, and together they entered the cavern of the cliff, where the morning repast was prepared by the hermit and partaken of by both in comparative silence. At its close, "And now," said the anchorite,

“ will you confide your griefs to me, so that I may pour the cordial balm of hope upon the bruised heart, and lead it on to virtue and to God ?”

“ Your words are like the refreshing breath of heaven to the fever-parched wretch,” rejoined the man. “ Yet—no, no ! I dare not reveal my agony to mortal ears.”

“ Shall I, then, endeavour to fathom the abyss of thought,” said the hermit inquiringly,—“ shall I present a picture of human frailty common to mankind ? And if it resemble yours, yes — I will administer my counsel and implore the Almighty to forgive. Art thou a husband and a father ?”

“ I was—I was !” answered the stranger ; “ yes ! both a husband and a father !—but, oh, God ! where is my once idolized wife,—where is the child I would have loved with fond regard ?”

“ Did you, then, abandon them to a rough, unfeeling world ?” asked the hermit in continuation ; — “ your daughter destitute of a father’s care, — your wife !—but possibly she was false to the sanctity of her marriage vow, and you ——”

“ This is probing me to the very quick,” responded the man, “ and bare conjecture

takes the voice of truth. I was duped—deceived—betrayed.—Yet who are you who thus shadow forth the vision of the past, and pierce my soul with anguish?”

“I but exercise imagination,” returned the hermit; “the skilful physician must ascertain the symptoms before he can treat with the disease. You say you were deceived—betrayed: was it by some false—some pretended friend, who whispered the malignant tale in your too-ready listening ear?”

“Ah, there is horror in that thought!—thrilling, damning horror!” said the stranger as he rapidly paced the apartment. “No! it was not a pretended friend—it was a demon in human guise! My wife was innocent—my child——But what is this? you faint—you fall!” and the hermit fell prostrate on the floor.

The stranger lost not a moment in raising the inanimate body: he tore open the vest of the anchorite’s garments to afford him freer respiration, and there, upon a female bosom, rested a portrait of himself,—one which, in brighter, happier days, he had presented to the cherished wife whom he had loved, and who now lay insensible in his arms. This discovery, however, was not made on the instant,



for a sudden rush of conflicting emotions had nearly deprived the stranger of sensibility : he knew the picture at the first glance, and a long interval of years was in a moment forgotten ; he well remembered to whom he had presented it, and tearing away the fleecy locks that hung straggling over the brow of the recluse, a false beard came with it, and then he knew the countenance that had been concealed beneath.

At this moment footsteps were heard outside the dwelling. The stranger still retained his burthen, and could not possibly withdraw to secrete himself ; and before the lapse of a minute, the smuggler Dawes presented himself within the porch, and, staggering a few paces in advance, fell upon his knees. His face was haggard and pale, his shirt and jacket at the breast were saturated with blood, and, gazing on the pair who were revealed before him, he ejaculated, “ Mercy ! mercy ! I have been a daring ruffian, defying Heaven ! but, O Lord, be merciful ! ”

“ Fear not, unhappy man ! ” said the stranger : “ I am, as you see, still a tenant of this earth, though your murderous hand consigned me to destruction.”

“ Oh ! I am dying ! ” exclaimed Dawes ;

“ I feel that I am dying ! There is, then, one crime spared me. I have braved death in many an hour of peril without the quivering of a pulse—I have defied danger and dared the worst that could betide ; but now that my last hour is approaching, the terrors of a mightier power are upon me, and yet I know not what it is. My strength is going fast ; and these limbs, that never shook before in battle or in storm, now tremble like a leaf at nothing.”

“ Peace, man ! See ! — she recovers !” said the stranger, as the recluse slowly returned to consciousness, and gazed wildly around. “ Adelaide !” continued he in a rich mellow voice, although it was somewhat tremulous with emotion, “ Adelaide, my love — my wife ! it is the arms of ——”

“ —My husband !” uttered she, — “ yes, *my* husband ; and he has pronounced me innocent ! Say but the word again !—let me hear it once more, Waldegrave !—tell me that you believe me innocent ; and then, O God, thy will be done !”

“ Yes, Adelaide !” replied the person addressed,—“ yes, I believe you innocent — almost from the fatal hour which parted us I

have known it ! For yon monster, before he plunged me into the waves, told me of the whole plot that had been arranged to urge me to desperation."

" I did—I did !" uttered Dawes ; " and now *my* turn is coming—I'm dying ; and yet I dare not die ! Can nothing be done to save me, if only for a few short hours ?—Major,"—and a convulsive gasp quivered on his features,—" Major ! I have much yet to tell you—you must not let me die !—Your daughter ——"

" Have I, then, yet a child ?" inquired the major, in a tone of exquisite feeling, such as only a parent can know. " Adelaide ! can you forgive the injuries I have heaped upon your head ?—can you ——"

" Ay, all—all, Waldegrave,—I can forgive all, now your voice—the voice of my husband—has declared me innocent ! From the horrible moment of your departure down to the present time, this cave has been my sanctuary. Jeanette received and concealed me till the hour of her dissolution, and then in these garments I succeeded to her place. Here have I remained unknown to every one—even to my child, whose visits have been my only consolation in my misery."

"Must I, then, perish without help?" said Dawes. "Will you do nothing to stop these dreadful pangs? Am I to die like a dog?"

"You would have given me a dog's death," returned Waldegrave, approaching him as he sat upon the floor, his head resting on his knees; "but as forgiveness has been extended to me, so will I yield it to another." And together they examined his wounds.

A rifle-ball had entered the left lobe of the breast, but had not passed out again; and it was evident from the symptoms that there was a great internal hemorrhage, that was rapidly shortening the wretched man's existence. "Make your peace with God," said the major: "your hours are numbered."

"Make my peace with God!" repeated the sinking smuggler. "What's that? what am I to do? I have never known what God is!"

"Repent of your sins—acknowledge your transgressions," said Mrs. Waldegrave. "There is yet mercy even for the vilest."

"Ay, Adelaide," added the major, "in heaven: but what mercy will be shown on earth to him who has the blood of a fellow-creature on his conscience? Twenty years have not erased the horrors from my memory

of that night—that awful night—when I sent a fellow-creature unprepared, with all his guilt upon his head, into the presence of his Maker.”

“Avast, major, avast!” feebly gasped the smuggler. “It was not your hand that sent the colonel to his long account; it was the knife of ——” His head drooped, his hands dropped by his side, and he fainted before he could pronounce the name.

Adelaide and the major used their best endeavours to restore sensibility. The former had readjusted her disguise lest others should intrude, when a voice was heard below shouting for Dawes. “Conceal yourself, Waldegrave,” said the recluse;—“I know the intruder, and he will be here directly. Retire to yon corner: you will find some winding stairs that lead to a cavity above. Haste! haste! I would not wish that they should see you yet.”

The major complied, the recluse resumed her disguise, and almost immediately subsequent to his departure one of the smuggler’s band, known as Gingerbread Jem, entered to inquire for his leader. “He is here, desperately, if not mortally wounded,” returned the anchorite.

“There has been some foul work,” said the

man. "He promised to meet me at the Cove : he was not there ; but I saw drops of blood, and have tracked them here. How, comrade ! halloo !" shouted he, and shaking him roughly by the collar.

It took effect. The smuggler gave a convulsive shudder and revived. "Is that you, Jem?" said he feebly, and holding out his hand, which the other instantly seized.

"Who has done this?" inquired Gingerbread Jem. "Have the philistines been out? I saw the Swallow hove-to off the point ; yet what right had they to fire?—you warn't upon the lay !"

"It was none of them, Jem, depend upon it," answered Dawes. "The shot came from among the rocks ; by what hand sent, I cannot say : although I suspects ——" He paused.

"Whom do you suspect?—say who it is," demanded Jem, as if fearing suspicion might be directed at himself. "Speak his name, and if I don't sarve him the same sauce, I'm —— ! Who was it done it?"

The smuggler mournfully shook his head. "I will tell you by-and-by," said he. "But bear a hand, Jem—make all sail to my cottage, and tell the ould woman of my mishap : my

crop of life is working out, Jem—look smart, my boy, and send her here.”

“Your life might be prolonged by surgical assistance,” urged the recluse. “Tell Mrs. Dawes, Jem, to bring—or do you yourself seek for a surgeon, without further loss of time. I will do all in my power to support your comrade till he arrives; my own skill is unavailing in such a case as this—he bleeds to death!”

“I wooll—wooll,” responded Jem, half blubbing, and shaking the smuggler roughly by the hand,—“I wooll bear a hand. And, d’ye hear, Petitoes! hould on, my boy—don’t slip your grapplin-rope till I come back.”

“Where’s the Major?” uttered Dawes, as his eyes glared wildly round the apartment. “Am I bewildered?—he certainly was here!—I saw him, Jem—saw him myself! Could it be a vision?—have I been dreaming?”

“Hasten, Jem! his mind is wandering—lose not an instant—a moment wasted may be the loss of a life!” urged the recluse with eagerness, fearful that the expressions of Dawes would excite suspicions in the breast of his associate, or that the mention of the major’s name would lead him to prosecute a search.

Gingerbread Jem took his departure; and



Waldegrave and his wife laid the wounded man upon a pallet which they had purposely removed into the outer apartment. The suddenness of the occurrence, and the predicament in which it placed the reconciled pair, had prevented further explanation with each other relative to the past; in fact, the present engrossed their whole attention, though the happy restoration to her husband and society with unblemished reputation thrilled with delight in the bosom of the hitherto recluse.

No one can look upon the dying unappalled, especially under circumstances like those which have been named: it revived in Waldegrave's mind recollections of his own fatal rencontre with the colonel, and the words of the expiring smuggler relative to the knife were of too much importance to be passed idly over. They questioned Dawes as to the purport of his language; but he became sullen and taciturn, and refused to give any reply, or only answered in suchwise as to involve the affair in deeper mystery. But if he confessed the whole to the aggrieved party, they were also the interested party, and it was necessary to have some one present to testify to what the smuggler asserted.

Fear for her husband's safety had deprived Mrs. Waldegrave of that clearness of judgment

which many years of retirement from the world had naturally produced ; and he, not knowing exactly the extent of his liabilities, was undecided how to act. At length Mrs. Waldegrave determined herself to seek such efficient witness as would verify the expected confessions of the hardened smuggler ; and, adjusting her disguise, she quitted the cavern, so that Waldegrave was left alone with the man who had sought his life. He sat down on the side of the pallet ; the wounded smuggler writhed with pain and alarm, cursing his “hard fate,” and occasionally starting up as the wavering intellect conjured up visions of the past, or a deranged imagination, wrought upon by superstition, presented some supposed supernatural appearance. Sometimes he looked eagerly at the major, and then covered his eyes with his hands as if to shut out some horrid spectre from his sight ; at other times he gazed upon him deprecatingly, and sensible that he was still in existence.

“Ha !” exclaimed he, “is it all come to this ? Does the sea give back its dead ? Did I not see you struggling in the waters which closed above your head as you sank in seventy fathoms deep ?—What do you want with me now ?—there are living witnesses that you were

drowned—and I!—I shall go to hell for the deed !”

“Calm your mind, unhappy man,” returned the major soothingly. “Guilty as your intentions were, it pleased a watchful Providence to save me. You have my forgiveness—seek that of Heaven.”

“It is impossible !” shrieked Dawes as he convulsively shook with agony. “I saw you perish—yet here you are before me, ghost or devil, come to carry me away. Yes, yes! I am on my beam-ends now, and you run athwart my hawse to bewilder me in my course,—you come to triumph over me! Your very look tells me I am consigned to the bottomless pit as a murderer ; but why appear against me here before I quit this world?—Ha ! you would give evidence in a court of justice.—They say ‘dead men tell no tales’—your oath will not be taken.”

“Once more I tell you that my life was saved,” said the major persuasively ; “so that the actual crime of murder, as far as I am concerned, you are guiltless of. But in the lawless life that you have led——”

“I know it—I have been lawless, as you call it,” returned Dawes more composedly ; “but who can charge me with dishonesty? I

never cheated a fair dealer or betrayed a comrade.—Yet the thing seems impossible! I launched you overboard, and the light of the stars danced upon the smooth waters that flowed over your grave. If you were saved, how was it done?—ay, how was it done? tell me—tell me that!”

“I dived to some distance from the boat; for the weight you attached was so loosely secured that I instantly disencumbered myself of it,” replied the major.

“That was Cockleshell Jack’s doing!” observed the smuggler impatiently; “he was ever a lubberly dog!”

“I hope it was done in mercy,” returned the major; “at all events, it promoted my safety, and when you had quitted the spot, which was almost immediately, I swam till nature was nearly exhausted. The tale you had revealed to me—the treachery which had been practised upon me—nerved my heart to renewed vigour: I struggled hard for life, because I earnestly wished to be avenged of the wretches who had destroyed my happiness and fame, and brought such heavy desolation on my heart. I felt not the wounds in my body, for there was a deeper wound in my honour and in my mind: one thing alone engrossed my thoughts—’twas retribution!”

The major paused a minute or two as vivid remembrances revived the horrors he endured, and a deep groan escaped him. "Go on," eagerly exclaimed the smuggler; "why do you stop?—you have a life before you, whilst my very minutes are told out: go on!"

"Long did I buffet the waves," continued the major, complying unhesitatingly with the entreaties of the smuggler, and not without hope that his own ready communicativeness would induce the other to make still further disclosures,—“Long did I buffet the waves; but my strength began to fail, my eyes grew dim,—in short, I was rapidly giving way to the grasp of death—when opening daylight showed me a vessel standing towards me right in my very track. My spirits rallied for a renewal of exertion. Onwards she came; I shouted, but it only wasted my breath. She might pass me by unheeded, and then my fate was inevitable! Broader daylight spread itself over the ocean, and nearer came that vessel. I made a few strokes towards her; she was within hail; again I shouted, but she held on her way. Despair lent me strength—it was life, honour, reputation, that I battled for; she was close to me, and once more I raised a cry for help. Oh, God! it was responded to; I

heard human voices—I saw the vessel heave-to ! Joy overpowered me—my senses were failing—yet I could distinguish the sound of oars as they rapidly dipped in the water. I became insensible ; and the next thing that I can remember was finding myself in a warm and comfortable berth, where I was kindly and carefully attended. The brig that had picked me up was bound to Smyrna ; we were already out of the Channel when I was restored to sensibility. The wind was fresh and fair, and we were carried forward on our passage without delay ; but in the Mediterranean we were captured by an Algerine, and consigned to slavery. Thus I remained for years, and have only lately been released by the gallant action of a British cruiser.”

“ ’Tis a wonderful story,” murmured Dawes, —“ a very wonderful story ! And she, too, your wife, whom all thought lost, starts up before us on the instant ! For years we have been confederate, yet the mystery was concealed from me, and now—oh, there has been foul play to both on you ! I own it, major,—it has come home to Clairfait, and it is coming home to me.”

“ The eye of the Almighty never slumbers,” responded Waldegrave impressively ; “ bad

deeds will never prosper ; but yet you have it in your power to make me some amends for all I have endured. Tell me, then, if you hope for peace hereafter,—tell me what you meant by saying that it was not my hand that sent Colonel C—— to his long account, but the knife of some one whom you did not name. Who was that person ?”

“ No, no !” returned the smuggler ; “ I have never snitched upon a comrade, nor will I do it now. What ! Petitoes lay an information against an ould friend ? Never, major !—never !”

“ You refuse, then, to make the only compensation that you can offer ?” urged Waldegrave in a tone of earnest entreaty. “ You have said sufficient to induce me to believe that the colonel fell by other hands than mine : my life is in jeopardy, then, for a crime I did not commit ; and if it is sacrificed through your concealment of the knowledge you possess, you are equally a murderer as if my bones were now in the depths of the ocean.”

“ There is some truth in that, too,” answered Dawes, touched by the forcible appeal which had been made to him ; “ but still I dare not turn informer,—it is a character I have always hated with the most bitter and



deadly hate. No, no, I cannot—will not turn informer !”

The major was greatly distressed at the man’s continued stubbornness ; but he saw it would be useless to urge him further then, though he still hoped to excite him to better feelings by impressing on his mind a due sense of his situation. “ Time with you is fleeting fast,” said he,—“ you cannot long survive : pray, then, to the Omnipotent that He may not consign your immortal soul to everlasting torments.”

“ Pray !” reiterated the smuggler ; “ what do I know about praying ?—you may as well tell me to pay out a sarmon ! Yet I feel I am dying—a murdered man : but I’ll be revenged on the villain yet !” A spasm of anguish shook his frame and drew him up together as he screamed out, “ Oh, it’s coming !—hould me, major !” He struggled violently as he grasped the major’s arm. “ I’m on the launch ;—hould on by me, major, —hould on like h— ! Another turn—ha ! ha ! —the enemy is beat off—the enemy——” His head dropped upon his shoulder, and he fell back exhausted.

In a short time the wife of Dawes arrived with the recluse ; but previous to their enter-

ing, the major, who heard them approaching, withdrew. Gingerbread Jem soon after made his appearance with a surgeon (who occupied the house formerly in possession of Clairfait's parents), and an immediate examination of the wound took place. The inspection was unsatisfactory; he gave no hopes of the smuggler's recovery, although he did not apprehend a very early dissolution. He questioned Dawes relative to the individual whom he suspected to have perpetrated the deed; but the man refused to unfold his thoughts upon the subject, and the surgeon, after vainly trying to find the ball, ultimately left him, with strict injunctions to the recluse not to suffer him to be molested or disturbed.

The wretched being, tortured both mentally and bodily, without one hope to which he could cling, and with the weight of guilt upon his conscience, lay groaning in agony; but no words beyond imprecations hurriedly ejaculated passed his lips, except in whispers to his wife, whose grief was genuine, but mingled with strong feelings of cherished revenge. What their conversation was applied to, did not transpire beyond themselves; and at length, on his becoming more calm, she quitted him to execute promptly some commands

he had given to her. Adelaide informed her husband that her mission had failed, but implored him to place his reliance on the kind interposition of Providence.

Mrs. Dawes had not left the place many minutes,—the dying man lay more composed,—when footsteps were again heard. Waldegrave retreated to his concealment. The door of the habitation was forcibly thrown open, and the Honourable Captain Wentworth suddenly rushed in: he gave a hasty and wild glance around him, saw the smuggler extended on his pallet, and an hysteric laugh rang wildly through the cavities of the rock. “Not yet dead!” shouted he, “and still sensible! You have been tampering with him,—you have been worming out his confessions, I suppose—but the secret must end where it began—neither of you go hence alive!” He seized the smuggler by the throat, and roughly shaking him, added, “What have you been revealing to this hoary hypocrite?—But no matter; you are both here within my power, and defenceless. Speak the truth, or, by Heaven! you shall both of you die upon the spot! What has he been communicating to you or to his wife?”

“To she,” replied the smuggler, pointing

to the recluse,—“ I mean, to him, nothing—not a sentence. My wife knew the whole before. Your rifle was more true than when you fired at—— Clairfait, Master Charles.”

“ Go on, vile miscreant ! I defy you now !” exclaimed Wentworth as the scowl of a demon passed across his features. “ I have no time to spare for vulgar recriminatory language.” He closed the door and again returned to the pallet. “ Such witnesses, whether for or against me, must not live.” He turned to the recluse : “ Say, mummer, what has the wretch revealed ?”

“ To me, not one sentence,” replied Adelaide firmly ; “ but your own tongue has betrayed you to be the wilful murderer.”

“ Ay, say you so !” rejoined Wentworth in a tone of mingled scorn and rage. “ Your own words have sealed your doom. Stand back, and stir not !”

“ I put my trust in Heaven, that has never deserted me in the hour of danger,” responded the recluse with boldness. “ Wretched man, beware of the wrath of the Almighty !”

“ Leave *me* to balance my accounts with the celestials,” replied the hardened fiend, as, grasping the resisting Dawes by the throat, he compressed his windpipe for the purpose of

effecting strangulation. “No, no! this fellow would betray — would impeach, and where should I be then? my own safety demands his removal.”

“Coward and rascal!” uttered Dawes, as, rallying all his strength, he threw his assailant from him; “I fostered your early years — have never divulged one word, and now you are my murderer! — Yes! it was your hand that fired the shot — yours — the son of——”

“—Lord Wentworth!” shouted the young man as he again sprang upon the smuggler, and, gripping him by the throat, prevented further utterance.

Dawes, exhausted by the effort he had made, fell backward on the pallet: the strong hand of the destroyer was aiding the assault of the King of Terrors, and he would soon have ceased to breathe, but for the timely succour of the major, who entered stealthily, and with a blow felled the assassin to the earth, where, rolling on his back, he lay insensible.

Wentworth was in an undress uniform, but still it betokened his rank, and Waldegrave was utterly at a loss to account for so strange an occurrence as he had been privy to; for it was evident that murder was intended, and

that too, apparently, of a most determined and undisguised character. "Do you know this officer, Adelaide?" inquired he.

"It is the son of your former friend, Mr. Acheson, now Lord Wentworth; and the man who is bound by contract to your daughter," replied she.

"The son of Mr. Acheson, now Lord Wentworth?" repeated the major as confused remembrances passed across his mind. "Can Mr. Acheson have such a son as this?"

"No, no!" murmured Dawes with faltering breath. "The acknowledgment has already cost me my life; although your generous act, major, has given me a fresh scope to hould on by. He degraded me last night, and added blows to the degradation. Stung by insults, I taunted him with his base birth—told him I knew his secret, and threatened to reveal it. I am now dying, and will not utter falsehood!—that fellow is no child of Mr. Acheson's!" He paused a minute, and then loudly laughed. "Ha! ha! I'm strong again—my energies return. Life for life! This dirk is his." And he caught up the unsheathed weapon of the young officer, which had fallen from the scabbard on to the bed during the struggle. "Now, now!" shrieked he; and by one violent

spring he threw himself from the pallet by the side of his prostrate enemy, raised the dagger high above his breast, and it would have been buried in Wentworth's heart, but for the timely intervention of Waldegrave, who stayed the uplifted hand. "Nay, nay, major, do not hould me!" implored the smuggler; "loose my arm, and I will tell you all." He struggled. "But if you stay my just revenge, the secret shall go with me to the grave!"

"That you possess information which might be of essential service to me, and perhaps restore me to society, I am well aware," responded the major as he wrested the dirk from the smuggler's hand; "but I will not stand quietly by to witness so reckless and vile a deed, even to purchase all that I have lost!"

"You have said it, major," returned Dawes; "and your obstinacy be upon your own head! —Halloo, Jem!—Coldtoes! where are you all?—No one answers, and I am deserted in my hour of need; but still my hands are free, and thus I pay my debt!" With the instantaneousness of a flash of lightning, he clenched his fist and struck his enemy a heavy blow in the face between the eyes. But the exertion was too much for the exhausted condition of the smuggler; he sat for an instant as if



paralysed, and then the dark crimson blood came rushing from mouth, ears, and nostrils: his gaze was fixed upon the bruised countenance of Captain Wentworth; he drew one quivering respiration, planted his clenched hand firmly upon the earth on either side of him, raised himself some distance from the ground, fell heavily his whole length upon the rocky floor; a short convulsive shudder followed, and the once daring reckless smuggler was a corpse.

The body of Dawes still lay extended by the side of his inanimate foe, and the major, with horror-stricken countenance, was standing over them with the naked dagger in his hand, when another visitor presented himself in the person of our hero. At his first entry he seemed appalled at the spectacle he beheld; but, fixing his attention more intently upon Waldegrave, he uttered, "Ha! the Algerine captive! Have we, then, rescued a villain from perhaps well-merited slavery? What is the meaning of all this? Murder has been committed; and your hands are darkly stained with blood, whilst they grasp the deadly instrument!"

"See, Sir Edward!" returned Waldegrave as he held the dirk towards him; "the blade is clear and bright. No, sir, I am innocent

of all this!—the blood upon my hands is caused by my rendering aid to the wounded man. Yet it would seem as if retributive justice would have its due: he is dead, sir—he is dead, and I fear my last hope has perished with him.”

“How has all this happened, then?” inquired our hero, turning to the recluse. “Here is a naval officer and a seaman side by side, and dead!” He leaned down over the inanimate body of Wentworth, and gazed intently on his features; for a moment his frame shook with emotion. “Ha!” uttered he, “that face is known to me! It is he!—it can be no other than my implacable enemy—it is Captain Wentworth!”

“You are right,” said the recluse; “and it is by his hand that the life of him who now lies quietly by his side has been destroyed—he is a murderer!”

“I can readily believe it,” answered Courtney, shuddering as he contemplated the degradation of human nature. “But this to me is extremely unfortunate: I expected to meet Miss Waldegrave here;—have you seen her, holy father?”

“Miss Waldegrave, sir?” exclaimed the major somewhat impetuously. “By heavens!

the plot seems to thicken ! Under what claim do you expect a secret interview with Miss Waldegrave, Sir Edward ?”

“ When I have ascertained your right to put that question, I will answer it as it merits to be answered,” replied Courtney proudly.

“ It must — it shall be answered !” returned the major with vehemence ; but on a look from the recluse his voice softened—his manners became more gentle, and he added, “ I have had many things to chafe my temper, Sir Edward. To you my best gratitude is due for generous kindnesses received ;—you were my deliverer from chains and bondage—you have restored me to my country !”

“ For these I claim no thanks,” responded Courtney with impatience. “ But tell me, sir,” turning to the recluse, “ have you seen Miss Waldegrave ?”

“ Not to-day,” answered the person addressed ; “ nor have I received any communication from her. But, with so horrible a scene, Miss Waldegrave must not come hither.”

“ She is here already, good father,” exclaimed Caroline, who tripped lightly in, but recoiled with horror when she beheld the bloody tragedy that had been acted. “ Oh, God of mercy !” she uttered, “ what is this ?”

Sir Edward was instantly by her side. "Let us withdraw, Miss Waldegrave," said he: "this is no place for female delicacy. See!—he stirs!—the villain is recovering!"

"It is Charles!" said the shuddering girl as they raised Wentworth from the ground; and as he was gradually restored to consciousness, she trembled with agitation. Waldegrave, obeying a signal from the recluse, cautiously withdrew.

The opening eyes of Wentworth were fixed upon Courtney and Caroline: it seemed to have an instantaneous effect,—he gasped, he struggled, he stood erect. "Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy!" he exclaimed. "Now may endless perdition be my portion if I do not have revenge!"

Courtney gave the wretched man but one look: it was filled with haughty contempt and defiance, and, drawing the arm of Caroline within his own, he quitted the dwelling at the moment Wentworth again sank to the earth, his earnest gaze bent upon the receding pair. Scarcely had their shadows passed away from the threshold, when the entrance was again darkened by a female figure, who looked cautiously in, till, observing the prostrate officer, she ran forward, fell on

her knees by his side, and, grasping his hand, glared wildly in his face.

“Oh, Wentworth!” said she, “I am with you once more! Why—why have you deserted me? But I will not upbraid;—you are hurt—you need my care,—let me attend you.”

“D——n!” muttered the obdurate wretch as he spurned the pleading girl away from him. “What do you do here, Lucy? Have you too come to torment me?”

“Oh, do not drive me from you, Wentworth!” implored the sobbing girl. “You cannot tell what I have suffered since you left me! and but for the kindness of a sailor, I might have been robbed and murdered. My brother has arrived—nay, more, I have seen him, though he did not know it;—nay, still more, he is in the island, and is coming with Sir Edward Courtney to visit your father!”

“Your brother coming here, Lucy?” responded the unworthy officer as he once more stood erect. “The storm is gathering; but my vengeance will be complete! — Blocks, too! — ah, there is danger in that, and I must away.”

“Oh, do not leave me, Wentworth!” implored the weeping Lucy. “Remember your solemn

pledges—think of my present situation—my brother too, he also will cast me off! and for the sake of all that you hold dear in heaven or on earth, do not abandon me now!”

“I cannot stop, Lucy,” answered Wentworth more kindly, as if touched by her appeal, “nor will I abandon you—there is money.” He held forth a purse to her, which she refused to touch. “Nay, but you will require it,” urged he. “I am beset with toils—there lies my enemy, the only one I feared, safe in death! You may remain here, Lucy, till I send to you. Do not seek to follow me;” for as he prepared to withdraw, the unhappy girl had made ready to accompany him;—“nay, you must not—shall not! for, Lucy, I am desperate!” He thrust her back with violence, and hastily descended the steps.

“Lost—wretched Lucy!” said she, as she wrung her hands in the bitterness of distress. “Oh, how am I to meet my noble-minded brother! May God forgive you, Wentworth!—my heart is breaking, and I have no friend in the wide world.”—

“Look up to Him who has declared that he will be a parent to the orphan, and the defence of the helpless,” said the recluse with solemnity. “Remain here, poor child: if you are

hungry, there is food for you; if weary, there is a place of rest; and may the Father of mercies restore tranquillity to your erring mind!"

"May God reward you!" returned Lucy; "but tranquillity will never more visit my wretched heart; it is bowed down, it is breaking!" and she seated herself upon the pallet and sobbed convulsively, whilst the recluse in whispers held communication with Waldegrave.

Some time elapsed in almost silence, when suddenly a loud wail was heard in the outer apartment, and the wife of Dawes burst in and threw herself upon the corpse. She was followed into the room by our hero and Gingerbread Jem; the former with his dress torn and dirty, as if he had been engaged in some affray.

"Murder! murder!" shrieked the woman; "he has killed my husband, and wanted to kill me!—Murder! murder!"

"Your cries cannot recall the dead to life," said Courtney persuasively, "and therefore are useless; though the first burst of sorrow will have its way."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed she, addressing Courtney, "it was you that saved me! but he is gone for ever—murdered sir, murdered! But I will have justice on the bastard—the base-born child of Clairfait—the offspring of the traitor Dubois!"



The union of these exclamations came like an electric shock to Captain Courtney: a mystic veil was in a moment withdrawn from his eyes as it regarded many circumstances that had transpired, but there were others that were still involved in obscurity and gloom. He had heard Dubois with his own ears when he declared himself his father; and though he felt it might be a *ruse* to work upon the kindly sympathies of his nature, yet to doubt was in itself a torture. And now Wentworth (for he knew the afflicted woman could mean no other) was also pronounced to be a child of Dubois. Was that the cause of enmity? and did they have the same mother? were questions that rushed upon Sir Edward's mind.

But it will be necessary, before proceeding further, to account for the return of our hero with the wife of Dawes. When he had retired from the scene of blood with Miss Waldegrave, he escorted her up the narrow pathway that led to the summit of the cliff, and their brief conversation was perfectly satisfactory to both, inasmuch as their vows of constancy were renewed, and Caroline had consented to become the wife of Courtney. When about two-thirds up the eminence, a loud scream was heard from beneath, and, looking downwards, they beheld

upon a narrow ledge of the cliff, some forty feet in altitude, a woman struggling with a man who was evidently endeavouring to drag her to the edge of the precipice. Caroline apprised her lover that it was the wife of the murdered Dawes, and a single glance betrayed the person of Wentworth in the assailant. Without an instant's hesitation, he bade Miss Waldegrave farewell, and descended in such haste as to stumble more than once and tear his clothes against the craggy rocks. Wentworth, mad with rage, and desperate in his emergency, had dragged his victim within a few feet of the verge of the precipice; another step, and she would have been hurled over by her more powerful antagonist, when our hero seized the collar of his enemy, and by a sudden jerk brought them both prostrate to the ground, away from the immediate danger. The spot was lonely; and had the villain succeeded in his attempt, her fall would have appeared as the effect of accident, and the perpetrator have escaped detection.

“What! foiled again — and by you!” exclaimed Wentworth. “You have ever been a viper in my path—you have ever crossed my track, and now”—he sprang at our hero and

twined his arms about him, “one of us must here meet his doom!”

The shelving projection on which they stood was not more than twelve feet in breadth by sixteen in length, and the suddenness of Wentworth's attack had hurled Courtney within a small pace of the edge—the slightest yielding further, even a few inches' bending of the body beyond the point of resistance, and his mangled remains would have been extended at the base of the rock. But, recovering from his first surprise, Courtney stood firm, and being the stronger of the two, he once more flung his adversary from him. Still, Wentworth was not vanquished—again he darted at Sir Edward, and the two closed in one desperate conflict, as they struggled upon the very brink of an eternity. But Wentworth was growing weak — his maddened rage deprived him of judgment, whilst Courtney was cool and determined. The design of the former seemed to be that one of them should perish; but the latter, although it was in his power, had no intention of destroying his unrelenting adversary—he took him at an advantage, and dashed him on the rocky shelf with a force that prevented his immediate rising; and, assisting the wife of the smuggler, Sir

Edward descended the cliff, whilst the vilest and most bitter imprecations of his foe resounded in his ears.

At the foot of the cliff they met with Gingerbread Jem, who accompanied them to the cavern, and then the wretched woman became aware that her husband was no more, in the manner that has already been described. To attempt to draw any explanation from her at that moment, our hero saw would be unavailing, as a deeper passion absorbed her faculties, and he deemed it an imperative duty to secure the offending party without delay, that he might be rendered into the hands of justice. Then came his recollections of General Edmonds, and the disgrace that would ensue upon the fair sisters of the murderer; but there were also the words of the smuggler's wife, that he was not Lord Wentworth's son. Who, then, could be his mother? The young man had constantly been looked upon and considered as the legitimate child of Lord Wentworth; the mere babble of a woman's tongue could not overturn it—there must be stronger, more convincing evidence of facts.

Harassed and bewildered by conflicting feelings, yet, with the candour that always marked his character, Courtney determined upon an in-

terview with his lordship : he gave directions that the body of Dawes should remain untouched till it had undergone the inspection of a coroner's inquest, and promptly hastened away to execute his design. At the entrance to the grounds of the Pleasance, he found Parker and the coxswain waiting for him : to the former he briefly communicated what had occurred, and, notwithstanding the disarrangement of his dress, they proceeded to the dwelling.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ There is a Providence that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we may.”

As soon as Captain Wentworth was enabled to walk, he made the best speed he could to the cottage, for the purpose of consulting with Aunt Alicia as to what course it would be best to pursue to meet the crisis that had evidently arrived.

He found her in no very enviable humour, and she heard him detail the events that had occurred with angry impatience. The appearance of Blocks at this critical juncture, however, greatly staggered her. What had taken place with respect to Dawes, might, she thought, have been hushed up, (for neither of them were aware of the presence of Waldegrave, nor the change that had taken place in the condition of the recluse,) but for the arrival of Blocks, whose determined exertions could alone be prevented by rendering him as helpless as the unfortunate smuggler.

Even this she did not despair of doing. "I have foreseen that your unamiable propensities and revengeful passions would one day be your ruin, Charles," said she.

"Your croakings are unavailing now," returned he impetuously; "and it is not just to upbraid me for inheriting the evil dispositions of my parents."

"Rash and insulting boy! this is no time for idle recrimination," responded the lady reproachfully. "You must act with vigour and promptitude; a dark cloud is over you, and only the lightning's flash can rend it asunder. This very day Caroline is of age, and your contract must be made available. Go to his lordship and demand her hand: that once secured, you may set the frowns of fortune at defiance, come whatever may. Put it to the test at once, and I will support your claim."

"But what am I to do about this affair of Dawes?" inquired he. "I fear the evidence of the recluse would go hard against me."

"Father Ambrose must be disposed of," returned Alicia: "I will undertake to do that. Secure Caroline, and the rest may be accomplished by energetic boldness. Sir Edward Courtney will be here in a very short time; you must use your best efforts to make him



your friend.—Blocks, you say, was in plain clothes: he probably has quitted the service, perhaps in disgrace. His presence, however, is most inopportune; but there are those who would—ay, and shall keep him quiet! It is a fearful risk, but yet it must be done. Had Dawes lived, the whole might have been sent across the water; but I fear his followers will resent his death too much to seize them now;—though gold—gold will do everything, and we must lavish it with no sparing hand.”

“And if Dawes could at this moment stand here before you, he would betray that which you would not care for the world to hear,” answered Wentworth sharply. “He upbraided me with it last night,—threatened to expose me to disgrace, and you to infamy. Oh, those taunts—those threats—were like the flames of hell to my heart! and the longer I brooded on them, the more fiercely did they burn. It was this that brought him to his doom. He is silenced for ever; but his wife knows it,—her testimony would be even stronger than his,—she may utter in her distress——”

“—That which I must prevent in its consequences,” returned Alicia: “ay! and it must be done on the instant too! Send your servant Robert to collect a few of the most trusty hands

together; he will know whom to select;—let them meet without a moment's loss of time at the Cove. Where did you leave Blocks?"

"He accompanied the wife of Dawes to the cavern," returned Wentworth, "and most probably is there now."

"That would indeed be fortunate!" said Alicia; "for then we may have the whole at once within our power. Summon all your daring;—the times are becoming desperate, but resolution and fortitude may yet be victorious. The wife of Dawes is the only living witness; there can be no proof that you fired at the man——" A servant entered. "How now, Robert! you have come just as we were wishing for you. Your master's welfare is somewhat threatened; but I know he may rely on your fidelity and good offices."

"I have ever been faithful to him, madam," replied Robert as he respectfully inclined his head; "nor shall he on any occasion find me wanting in my duty. I came to inform you that Sir Edward Courtney has arrived and requests an immediate interview with his lordship."

"Sir Edward Courtney!" reiterated the lady; "I did not expect him yet. This is a *contre-temps*; but we must try and reap ad-

vantage from this very circumstance. Robert, you must get eight of the most trusty smugglers together at the Cove within this hour. Father Ambrose is a hypocrite, a cheat!—the hermitage must be closely guarded, and no one suffered to come out. In the evening, one of the swiftest boats must be in readiness for Cherbourg. Here is my purse,—deal bountifully with them, and be still more extravagant of promises: they shall be defended, protected—their families provided for,—but they must execute my commission with secrecy and despatch. Can you do all this, Robert?”

“There is no great difficulty in such a task,” replied the man; “and your former bounty is an earnest of future recompense. It shall be done without an instant of delay.”

“Brave — worthy fellow!” exclaimed the lady; “the course of nature must soon place Mr. Wentworth in possession of the title and estate, and, believe me, you shall not be forgotten. Haste, then, away! and as you pass the hall, send a servant to the young ladies, saying that I request their immediate presence here. Away, Robert, away! and may success crown your efforts!” The man departed. “And now, Charles, comes the time for action. Be cool and firm: your countenance has still the

traces of angry passion upon it, and there is a look of sickly apprehension that may betray you. Keep Sir Edward close company; amuse him as you best may: I will in person arrange all other proceedings. Come, smile, man! affairs are not so desperate as they seem. Urge your suit with his lordship. He has lived too long, Charles; but that must be seen to: I have perilled soul and body for your welfare, and will not shrink to obtain the prize.—Hush! your sisters are coming: assume more placid features—welcome them, even Caroline, with well-affected pleasure:—hush! they are here.” The young ladies entered the apartment. “My dear girls,” said she, “I have sent for you to welcome the brave young sailor who is now the hero of the day,—I mean Sir Edward Courtney. He has just arrived, and I trust you will do your best endeavours to show how dear to British bosoms are those who defend their country.” She turned to the servant: “Show Sir Edward in.”

The room was spacious, and elegantly furnished with appropriate decorations for a marine villa. It was on the ground-floor; the glazed doors, of a circular projection, opening on a delightful lawn that gradually sloped down, not on an inclined plane, but with a

hilly swell that rendered the descent invisible beyond a certain point, and leaving in sight no other land between it and the prospect of the sea. The tasteful draperies — the exquisite paintings in their gorgeous frames,—in fact, the whole was calculated to enchant the senses of a novice; though they were considered as little more than common-place by those who were constantly viewing them.

Caroline had nerved herself for the interview. She knew what was to occur; and though she had strenuously tried to come prepared, still it was impossible not to feel agitated as she heard the approaching footsteps. Aunt Alicia had assumed her sweetest smiles; the sisters could not be indifferent to the fame of Courtney, which had been so loudly extolled; and Wentworth expecting, if not an auxiliary, at least a friend, advanced as the door opened to meet his brother officer with extended hand.

But who can describe 'the instantaneous change that ensued when our hero and Parker stood palpably before them, both in deep black, though the habiliments of the former had met with but rough usage. Rage, hate, malice,—every vile passion of the human heart was aroused in the breast of Wentworth and

Aunt Alicia as Courtney politely bowed, and introduced his friend Parker, who was immediately recognised by his old tormentor. "This is a double insult!" exclaimed the latter, "and shall meet with deserved punishment! Scoundrels, both of you! which has dared to take upon himself the title of a brave man for the purpose of imposition? Call up the servants, and place these rascals in confinement till they can be escorted to the gaol, or kept in custody till Sir Edward's arrival."

Courtney gave the young man a look of ineffable contempt as he uttered, "Under this roof, sir, and in the presence of these ladies, you are for the present safe from my just indignation: but do not try my patience too far; there are bounds to human endurance, and when urged too closely, irritation may overstep them." He turned towards Alicia: "With your permission, madam, I would have an immediate interview with his lordship."

"It cannot be," replied Alicia haughtily, although her mind was almost overpowered by agitation: "Lord Wentworth is too ill to be disturbed by such adventurers." The servants came thronging in, and she peremptorily exclaimed, "Seize upon these fellows! they

have come under false names perhaps to rob the house ! Bind them neck and foot, and guard them in the stable till the real Sir Edward appears :—Or, stop ! let them be conveyed to the garden-house, and lock them safely in : if they attempt to escape, the consequences be upon their own heads !” and a demoniac smile of exultation triumphed upon her brow as a hope crossed her mind that Blocks was now within her power.

The servants prepared to obey. Courtney and Parker stood calmly but firmly on the defensive as the men advanced ; whilst Caroline attempted to run towards her lover, but was restrained by Alicia. The servants rushed upon the officers, who felled the leaders to the floor ; but the numbers were so unequal, that resistance seemed futile, and they were nearly subdued, when in sprang Bill Sykes with his trusty oak-stick, and laying about him right and left with the strength of a giant, he shouted, “ ’Ware hawse, ye lubbers ! is that the way ye board a friend, ye infarnal pirates ! I ’m blow’d if you arn’t worse than Algerines !”

Wentworth felt for his dirk, but the scabbard alone remained. The coxswain saw the act and guessed its intent. “ And you, ye



picarooning wagabone!" uttered he to the officer, "if it warn't for the colour of the cloth which I honors, d— me, but I'd freshen your memory with the devil to you!—though mayhap you arn't never quite forgot ould Bill!"

"I have not forgotten you, my man," replied Wentworth, taking care to preserve a safe distance from the coxswain's fingers, — "I have not forgotten you, as a court-martial shall shortly testify."

"A d—— for your court-martial!" shouted the enraged coxswain, snapping his fingers in contempt: "do you think I'd stand by and see my skipper man-handled arter that ere fashion?"

"Avast, Bill!" said Courtney, the servants having retired together and formed into a body ready to renew the attack; "your zeal, my good fellow, carries you beyond the bounds of discretion. You may, however, just enlighten this lady," bowing to Alicia, "as to who I really am."

"Why, yourself, to be sure—your honour's own self, and be d—— to the wagaboning lick-dishes!" returned the coxswain, fully satisfied that he had satisfactorily explained everything; but observing the menacing attitude of the servants, he flourished his oak-

stick, and shouting, "Boarders, away !" made a sudden spring towards them. Painful recollections of his prowess, together with the sight of the formidable weapon in the hands of Bill Sykes, at once decided the business. Away scampered the servants, acting upon the principle of human nature, that self is the first law, and totally regardless of the reproaches of their mistress, or the commands of Captain Wentworth,—in fact, regardless of everything except their own safety. Having achieved this exploit, the coxswain quietly took his station at the door to prevent all further intrusion; but two of the beaten party who had not been able to make their escape so readily as the others, limped towards him and requested egress.

"Have you struck, ye lubbers?" asked Bill, as he raised his instrument of castigation, and poised it in a seeming playful, but significant manner.

"No, muster sailor," returned one of the suppliants, who felt awed by the formidable appearance of the veteran, and imagined him to be asking whether he had struck a blow in the affray.

"It's best you do, then, you know-nothing, or I'm bless'd if Casey shan't whisper a word

in your ear !” said the coxswain, shaking his stick.

“ Who am I to strike ?” asked the man, looking first at his master, then at his fellow-servant, and glancing an eye at the cudgel.

“ Strike, I say !” shouted Bill, raising his weapon in a threatening attitude,—“ strike ! or I ’m blow ’d if I don’t lay you as dead as King Dollyme in Egypt !”

“ Well, if I must, here goes !” said the man, and giving his fellow-servant a severe blow, he tumbled forward headlong out at the door.

“ All right, my hearty !” exclaimed Bill with a self-satisfied and business-like grin ; “ an enemy ’s a friend when he fights your battles. But I say, shipmate, you arn’t never got such a thing as a bite o’ pigtail to gi’e me, seeing as I lost my ’bacca-box when I skied the hedge upon that ere hanimal ?”

Whilst this petit interlude was carrying on, Courtney addressed the ladies. “ To you, Miss Waldegrave, I am at least no stranger : I am more proud of the distinction than of all the honours conferred upon me by my Sovereign. To you, Miss Wentworth, my conduct may appear strange ; but I do trust that com-

ing events will exonerate me. I *was* the poor foundling Blocks, rescued from the perils of the ocean that beset me even in infancy. It was in this character you first knew me ; but circumstances since then induced me to change my name for that of a second kind foster-parent.”—Alicia drew a convulsive respiration. “I was appointed second lieutenant of the Tulip, under Captain Rogerson, who fell bravely fighting for the honour of his country. The command subsequently devolved on me,—my good fortune prevailed, and I am now——”

“—Sir Edward Courtney,” added Miss Waldegrave proudly, as she walked towards our hero ; Aunt Alicia being unable through trepidation to prevent the junction : indeed, this last blow to Alicia’s hopes came so sudden and unexpectedly, that it almost overwhelmed her. “Yes, Sir Edward,” continued Caroline, “I for one am well acquainted with your title, and without hesitation acknowledge with gratification the worth of him who bears it.”

“Noble and generous lady !” said Sir Edward as he took her passive hand, “my future days shall best testify how highly I value this demonstration of your favour.”

“Avast, Sir Edward !—if such is indeed your title,” said Wentworth ; “that lady is

mine by previous contract—either she or her fortune.”

“Perish the money!” exclaimed Courtney, giving Wentworth a look of scorn; “it is sincere affection that my heart desires, and I trust—nay, I am convinced I shall find it here. But do not think, sir, that you shall plunder Miss Waldegrave at your pleasure.”

“Plunder!” vociferated the other impetuously; “I scorn the imputation: it will be mine by legal right—a written contract signed and sealed by our mutual parents.”

“There is a saving clause in the conditions,” said Major Waldegrave as he entered the room, being recognised by Bill Sykes, who immediately admitted him; “that is, should either father subsequently disapprove.”

“How, fellow! who are you who dare thus intrude yourself?” demanded Wentworth haughtily, though the appearance and dress of the major excited a feeling of superstitious awe. “What can you know of this contract?—the father of Miss Waldegrave is ——”

“—Here before you, sir,” uttered the major proudly; and bowing to Sir Edward, he threw off his disguise. “I am somewhat altered, Miss Alicia, since the days of lighter dalliance and deception.” The colour of the lady for-

sook her cheeks, which became ashy pale as she gazed upon him. "The grave your unhallowed love provided for me yawned fearfully for its prey ; but the victim escaped. Surely you cannot have totally forgotten Major Waldegrave ?"

"My father !" exclaimed Caroline, approaching Waldegrave, and, falling on her knees, she clung to him. "Oh, can it indeed be possible ? Am I, then, not an orphan, and alone in the world ?"

"No, my child," returned the major, fondly raising her to his embrace ; "you are no longer at the mercy of those who would abuse their trust."

Alicia gazed intently on the features of the intruder ; her eye-balls seemed to be almost starting from their sockets ; but those features were greatly altered to the remembrance of meretricious passion, though the true affection of the wife had immediately discovered them. "The whole is imposition," said she hurriedly ; "Major Waldegrave is in eternity."

"He has much to be repentant for, before he meets his Maker," returned Waldegrave. "Captivity and privation, with what is worse, a continued anguish of mind, may have strangely altered me. Happily, this brave

young man, Sir Edward Courtney, has restored me to my native land; the murdered Dawes, before he expired, fully recognised me: but I have ample evidence of my identity; though, should all fail, here is one witness whose testimony is worth the whole." He beckoned with his hand; the recluse stood at his side, and, throwing off the garments of concealment, appeared in female attire. "Caroline," said the major, taking her hand, "your mother."

Nothing could exceed the astonishment which this presentation produced; though in the breasts of Alicia and Wentworth it was mingled with that extreme of terror which guilt generally inspires. "Am I to endure all this? under my father's roof, too?" exclaimed the fear-stricken Wentworth. "If you are Major Waldegrave ——"

"I am, sir," returned the major with strong feeling, as Caroline embraced her mother. "Yes, I am he,—restored to my wife and child—restored to my native land——"

"—To suffer the vengeance of its laws!" shrieked Alicia, who had now recalled the manner of the man as well as his person to her remembrance. "Waldegrave, you are a murderer!"

"No—no, Miss Alicia," returned the major



with peculiar emphasis ; “ Colonel C—— died by the assassin’s knife, and not by my sword ;” (he hazarded a conjecture founded on what had been uttered by the wife of the smuggler, as well as by the smuggler himself ;)—“ by the knife of your friend and intimate—the villain Clairfait——”

“—The traitor Dubois,” uttered our hero, taking up the thread as if by inspiration ; “ the father of yon miscreant !” pointing to Wentworth, “ who has been imposed upon Lord Wentworth as his son.”

A wild, piercing shriek rang through the room ;—the pallid hue of death overspread the features of Alicia as she sank insensible upon the floor. Wentworth stood for a few seconds trembling with aguish terror ; and then, suddenly springing away, he darted through the glazed doorway on to the lawn, where he was instantly seized by Gingerbread Jem and several other persons, and brought back to the room. But how much was the astonishment of our hero excited when, in the persons thus introduced, he recognized his generous benefactor Will Blocks, Lawyer Brief, and Sir Joseph Breeze !

“ What cheer, Ten, what cheer ?” exclaimed the gunner joyfully. “ It’s all right at last, my

hearty ! all square by the lifts and braces : I know'd it would be so some time or another. Why don't you speak, Muster Brief, and tell him on it ?”

“ Ah, why don't you overhaul the consarn all reg'lar and ship-shape ?” said the veteran Breeze, as he grasped Sir Edward's hand and shook it heartily. “ Brother knights now ! eh ! my boy ? and yet you'll top the officer over me by-and-by, Ten ! Come, Muster Brief, pay out the slack of that 'ere speech I made !— why, you're as long in stays as the Merry Don of Dover !”

“ Patience, gentlemen, patience !” said the man of the law calmly, and drawing forth from his pocket a packet of papers very neatly tied up with red tape : “ you had better let the lady recover first. Sir Edward, will you be pleased to ring the bell and order the servants to attend ?”

“ I am not master here, sir,” returned our hero respectfully ; “ nevertheless, I will do what you request by summoning them.”

“ But you are master here !” exclaimed old Joe, as if bent to communicate something of importance. “ Why don't you out with it at once, Brief, and let all hands know who 's who ? Arn't you got the confession and the proof,

and all the rest of the dockments? D—— it! I do hate to see a man slack in sarving out good news!”

“All right,” chimed in the gunner; “he took the consarn in charge. Why can’t you tell Ten at once that he’s now under his own father’s roof?”

A paleness overspread the young man’s features; for amidst the surprises he had that day experienced, this to him was the most important and extraordinary;—he looked from one to another in almost bewildered amazement. The countenances of his three old friends were redolent with gratification; the face of Wentworth was convulsed with terror; the sisters stood the pictures of mute astonishment; whilst Major Waldegrave, who had been looking with fondness upon his wife and daughter, turned with breathless attention to catch the sequel, and Caroline bent her keen gaze upon our hero as if fearful that something terrible was about to divide them for ever.

Ten-thousand approached the little lawyer as if to address him, but he could not find utterance for the inquiry he wished to make,—he stretched forth his hands imploringly.

“Good!” ejaculated Brief; “the appeal is understood;—but see, the lady recovers,—hush!” He pulled his spectacles to their pro-

per adjustment and fixed his keen eyes upon Alicia, who rose slowly up, parted the hair from her forehead, and glared wildly around at the increased number of persons. "Good!—hew!—haw!—just as I expected,—none other than Lady Hortensia Sinclair." The lawyer bowed stiffly. "Lady Hortensia, I am your humble servant—my name is Brief, and now I will proceed. Sir Edward, your friends have told you the truth;—here are the documents," holding up the papers, "that will prove you to be the real son and heir of Lord Wentworth; here is the confession of one Dubois, alias Clairfait—"

"The villain!" shrieked Alicia; "the hardened—desperate villain!—the wilful murderer!—the savage!—"

"Rather, Lady Hortensia, the repentant sinner!" said Brief. "Here, however, is his confession of a life of guilt; and I have also incontestable evidence to show that the person now calling himself the Honourable Mr. Wentworth is the illegitimate offspring—"

"Hush!—say no more; for the love of Heaven, say no more!" exclaimed Alicia in a tone of entreaty: "the servants are entering. Can it not be arranged in private?—must everything meet with public exposure?"

"Much depends upon yourself, madam,"

returned Brief. "I have quite enough to substantiate my claims without any admissions on your part; though a candid confession might save us some trouble."

"The hand of inscrutable Providence does indeed appear manifest here," said the major; "these are wonderful interpositions: but should not his lordship be apprised of what is taking place?"

"I fear it would be useless," said Caroline; "his lordship has been suffered to sink into a state bordering on imbecility of mind."

"But still it is our duty to give him such information as it is possible for him to receive," observed the lawyer.

"Send away the servants," entreated Alicia, overcome by the weight of her own convictions that further subterfuge would only bring heavier misery.

"I cannot consent to it," said the unrelenting lawyer: "the injuries have been great and manifold,—the reparation must be open and undisguised."

"May I presume," urged our hero, "to request that the lady's wishes for the removal of the servants may be complied with? God knows what my heart at this moment feels, and how ardently I long to receive the blessings of a parent! yet I would restrain my own

desires for the sake of humanity. The presence of the servants is not absolutely necessary ;—besides, as it is a family matter, we should spare his lordship as much as possible.”

“Morally you are right—legally you are wrong,” returned Brief. “I would have a cloud of witnesses : but I leave it in your hands, Sir Edward. You have been cruelly — brutally treated by them !”

“Well, then, the first use I make of my power is to order the servants out,” said Tenthousand ; which he accordingly did ; and then approaching Amelia and Ann, he extended his hands as he uttered, “This seems to me a delightful dream, from which I fear to awake. Oh ! how often has my heart thrilled with a holy affection towards you !—how often have I pictured to myself the delight of having such sisters ! Can it indeed be real ? Oh, I fear, I fear,”—and he pressed his open palms upon his forehead, — “I fear it cannot all be true !”

“Howld heart, Ten !” uttered the watchful gunner, as apprehensions of a former malady crossed his memory ; “Muster Brief will give you the calkelations of the consarn presently. You see it ull all come out ship-shape,—won’t it, Joe ?—Sir Joseph, I means.”

“To be sure it wool,” responded Breeze; “and it might have been all clear now, if Brief would ounly have veered away upon my speech.”

Lord Wentworth was apprised by Amelia that his presence was required in the parlour, and she returned to say that it would not be long before he made his appearance.

“May I not be allowed to withdraw?” asked Alicia; “and pray what is your intention with respect to yon trembling —— Yet, hold! — nature — O God! what has it not already made me!”

“Why I am detained here,” said the fictitious Wentworth, “is best known to those who have seized me. What crime can they allege against me? what law of my country have I broken? You have as yet adduced no proofs of what you assert,—I demand to be set at liberty!”

“Crime!” ejaculated Gingerbread Jem. “Well, I’m bless’d, captain, if you don’t bang impudence out and out!—Why, who murdered Petitoes?” A scowl passed over the young man’s features. “Ah, you may look black!—but,” pulling the weapon from beneath his long frock, “here’s your own rifle, picked up at



the very spot from which the shot was fired, and ——”

“Where is the wretch?” shrieked a female voice outside upon the lawn, and the next instant Mrs. Dawes rushed through the open doorway. “Justice—justice,—let me have justice on the base-born bastard!”

“Fresh evidence,” muttered Brief as he pulled down his spectacles and with pencil and paper prepared to take notes.

The wretched woman looked round upon the persons assembled; her eyes rested for some time on the major and his wife,—confused remembrances came like dim shadows over her mind so as to bewilder her faculties, but the sight of Acheson again aroused her. “There stands the murderer!” shrieked she. “My arms were the first that received him at his birth.” Brief scribbled away. “It was in my cottage he drew his first breath.—Speak, Miss Alicia, speak! It is you who have encouraged him in evil deeds—you! his mother.” — (“Corroborative,” muttered the lawyer.) “And he is the offspring of the villain Clair-fait, whose knife killed the colonel! Unsay it, if you can—deny it, if you dare!”

“I am fixed to the stake,” said Alicia de-

spondingly, "and must endure the torture!— Woman! have you no feeling for one of your own sex?"

"Who has had any feeling for me?" responded Mrs. Dawes. "Am I not bereaved of a kind and good husband by the hand of him who calls you mother,—the son of the spy Clairfait? But it has come home to me!— I changed the children, and it has come home to me!"

"You perhaps did right to change the children," said Brief in smooth accents, for he judged correctly, that by soothing her irritated feelings he was most likely to obtain the information that he sought for.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed the woman. "It was done in wickedness of heart: I own it was! I nursed both mothers, and one died! Yet, oh! 'twas she," pointing to Alicia, "that made me do it!"

"Of course the other child did not outlive its mother?" said Brief inquiringly.

"Well, now, if this arn't backing and filling to no manner of purpose," said the gunner, who did not understand why the lawyer should be asking questions about a subject with which he was already perfectly well acquainted.

"Let him shape his own course, Will,"

remonstrated Breeze in a whisper to his friend ; “ he ’s arter working to wind’ard of the enemy according to the tick-tacks of the law.”

“ Rest easy, gentlemen, rest easy,” said Brief, looking at them significantly ; “ this good woman has quite enough to distress her mind without any aggravation on our parts :” then turning to Mrs. Dawes, he again took up the thread of his examination. “ If the other child died with its mother, as most probably it did, there possibly has been no very great harm done after all.”

“ But there *was* great harm done !” returned the woman in the irritated spirit of contradiction, and earnestly desirous of vilifying her former coadjutors. “ The child lived, though Mrs. Acheson died.”

“ Oh ! it was the daughter of Mrs. Acheson then — of the present Lord Wentworth, whose place was supplied by yonder young man ?” continued Brief, poizing his pen playfully, and looking somewhat confused. “ It is strange the difference of sexes should not be discovered.”

“ Whew-ew !” whistled Bill Sykes at the door. “ Well, I ’m bothered, but any lubber might tell a cock from a hen !”

“ You must all be stupid !” said the woman

angrily, and forgetting her sorrows in the mortification of not being clearly understood. "It was not a girl at all!—it was a boy—a fine boy."

"Good!" ejaculated Brief, and his pen flew rapidly over the paper, producing on its surface what might have been taken at a distance for forked lightning. "It was a boy! and you had it to nurse?"

"No," replied Mrs. Dawes; "it was taken away soon after its birth by Clairfait, and I never saw it again; though Dawes once told me it was still living, but he would not trust me further."

"My good woman," said Sir Edward, much agitated, and unable to repress his emotion, "you have revealed strange truths. What became of the other child you mention?"

"I know not what became of it," responded she: "it was sent away, and, I was told, put out to nurse somewhere in Cornwall, or that way."

"You need question her no further, Sir Edward," said Brief. "That very woman to whom you were put to nurse is now in Portsmouth; and it was Dubois, alias Clairfait, who launched you on the waters to perish. I have it all here;" and again he held up his

red-taped papers. "You are that very child that this good woman nursed."

"Where — where?" demanded the widow Dawes. "Is it this gentleman?" turning to Ten-thousand. "Oh, forgive, forgive me! I was a wicked woman for doing what I did! — but it was they who made me do it, and Dawes got the gowld."

"You wish to be forgiven yourself, and yet cannot extend your forgiveness to others," said our hero. "That man has deeply injured me; but I can pardon him."

"He neither wishes nor cares for your forgiveness," exclaimed the fictitious Wentworth doggedly: "the die is cast, and he sets you all at defiance!"

At this moment, Lord Wentworth, supported by a servant on each side, entered the room, and his vacant gaze but too plainly told his mental weakness. As soon as he was seated our hero walked up to him and took his hand, whilst his heart was overflowing with filial regard; but Mrs. Dawes at that moment threw herself on her knees before him, and, convulsively sobbing, exclaimed, "You are a magistrate, my lord! — send him to prison! — he is not your son, and he has murdered my husband!"

“What—what is all this?” feebly inquired his lordship. “To what cause, gentlemen, am I indebted for this visit?”—He looked at the supposed Captain Wentworth. “Why do you stand there, Charles? Who are all these?”

“They have thought fit to make me a prisoner, my lord,” uttered the other. “They have trumped up charges against me affecting my life.”

“Peace, Charles! peace!” exclaimed Alicia, who was fully sensible of the utter inutility of attempting to brave the storm, and hoped by timely concession to bend before its fury without being wholly rooted out. She approached to the side of Brief. “To you, sir, I would communicate what I have to say. Suffer me and this unhappy man to retire whilst you explain things to his lordship—our presence cannot be necessary.”

Brief looked to his client, who nodded assent; and the lawyer, calling to him Bill Sykes and Gingerbread Jem, accompanied the mother and son into another apartment up-stairs, placing the smuggler and the seaman at the door as sentinels. He then returned and endeavoured to impart to Lord Wentworth the

events that had occurred ; but his lordship could not comprehend them.

Deep was the distress of Ten-thousand to perceive that his parent recoiled from him in alarm. Neither the major nor Mrs. Waldegrave was recognised ; and the poor hypochondriac seemed to labour under that species of terror with which children would view a phantasmagoria. His daughter also endeavoured to make him understand what was passing ; the major and Mrs. Waldegrave lent their aid ; but the distressed man was too much bewildered to connect his ideas together, and it was evident he laboured under extreme alarm. Some time had elapsed in fruitless efforts to awaken his dormant energies, when Bill Sykes ran into the room, exclaiming, “ Jumped out at the port !—make sail in chase, ahoy !” And he darted through the open glazed doorway.

Ten-thousand, with Parker, the major, Joe Breeze, and the gunner, instantly followed ; but they had not far to go, for beneath the window of the room in which the lawyer had confined Alicia and her son lay the latter writhing in anguish, whilst the tattered shreds of curtains fluttered midway between the win-



dow-sill and the stone terrace that ran along that side of the house. He had tried to escape by twisting the curtains; they would not bear his weight—he fell with considerable violence, and a broken leg and a dislocated hip were the result.

By the side of the prostrate man, and supporting his head, was poor Lucy in an agony of grief. Parker knew her at once, and would have torn her away, but was restrained by his friend, who, though unacquainted with her person, saw how useless it would be to aggravate her sorrow.

“It is my sister, Sir Edward!” exclaimed Parker, as he struggled to disengage himself from the hold of our hero. “Why she is here is to me a mystery.—Lucy, what does all this mean?”

The poor girl gazed upon him, and her look and tears betrayed the severe suffering of her heart; but she was too overwhelmed with shame and grief to speak, though an appeal was on her tongue. Bill Sykes, respectfully uncovering his head, knelt by her side, and whispered words of comfort in her ear, and then addressing his superior, said, “Mayhap, yer honor, ull forgive ould Bill for displaining everything all about it by-and-by.”

“How can you know anything of the matter, Sykes?” inquired Parker, surprised that the coxswain should be in any way mixed up with the affair,—“You can never have seen each other before?”

“But we have, yer honor,” said Bill; “and that’s the way I lost my bacca-box.” Then turning to Lucy, the honest fellow kindly uttered, “The squall ull blow over presently, my lady: he’s got too good a heart to harbour animosity in it long. But let me relieve you of this here weight;” and the seaman took her place in supporting the mangled man as he lay groaning with agony. “You’re hove down, sir, now—laid on your beam-ends,” said Bill, as he composed the limbs of the shattered being, so as to cause his position to be less painful: “not as I’m saying it ill-natur’dly or onkindly, but ownly just to ax you not to die angry with me for overhauling a little slack jaw a bit ago, seeing as it was done in the way of duty. I’m sure I heartily forgives you all the harm as ever you’ve done me in your life, and may God A’mighty follow my example.”

Ten-thousand spoke soothingly and encouragingly to Lucy, for her brother still kept aloof, whilst the imposter looked at Parker

with the hate of a demon as he uttered, "I care not for pain!—she is dishonoured!—I shall be revenged upon one of you at least! She will become a mother without being a wife!"

"You are mistaken, sir," exclaimed the immediate servant of the unhappy man, and who had been the agent in many of his bad actions.

"How? What is this, Robert?" demanded the agitated master; "surely you on whom I so much relied cannot have betrayed me?"

"I admit, sir, my motives were not good," replied the man. "I wished to have you in my power: still there were compunctious visitings when ordered to deceive one into ruin who was so young—so innocent, and so confiding. She is your lawfully-wedded wife; for the person who married you was a regular clergyman of the Church of England, and I have the certificate by me at this moment."

"Ha—ha! overreached again!" yelled the writhing wretch as he threw the poor girl from him. "Now may curses alight upon you all! Oh, how gladly would I resign ex-

istence to have only one half-hour's enjoyment of revenge !”

Parker approached his distressed sister, all his tenderness reviving at the glad intelligence that, however she had degraded herself by associating with such a villain, (alas ! he knew not the arts that had been used to entrap her,) she was not the disgraced and debased being that his enemy proclaimed her. The wretched man was raised and carried into the house, where, in spite of all his brutality and harshness, Lucy attended him.

As for Aunt Alicia, she was found on the floor of the apartment a livid and bloated corpse : strong poison had soon performed its work, and the woman who for years had been a stranger to peace of conscience, or joy of heart, rushed with all her unatoned-for guilt upon her head to hear the condemnation of the Great Judge, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire !” thus sealing her misery through a boundless eternity. Nor did her unhappy son long survive her ; though a change took place previous to his dissolution through the unremitting assiduity of his still fondly-attached wife. Dread of future punishment, however, it is to be feared, wrought

more powerfully upon his heart than repentance for past misdeeds. His marriage with Lucy was fully proved, and what little wealth he had was bequeathed to her, which, with her pension as the widow of a naval master and commander, and the assistance of her brother, was adequate to her humble wants.

The affair of the murdered Dawes could not be hushed up. An officer of police was constantly on the watch for his recovery ; and had it been practicable to remove him, he would have been consigned to the walls of a gaol. As it was, death removed him from the terrors of earthly justice to carry him before the unerring tribunal of Omnipotence. He died forgiven by those he had injured ; but his last moments were terrible to witness.

And now for a few explanations to account for the appearance of Breeze, Brief, and the gunner. Previous to Ten-thousand's return to Portsmouth from the metropolis after presentation to the King, Captain Yorick had completed his refit and gone round to Plymouth, where the Diamond frigate, commanded by the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, had just arrived from the Mediterranean ; and Captain Yorick went on board her to renew an old friendship with this noted man. He descended into the

cabin, and found Sir Sidney and his surgeon carefully attending three wounded individuals who were suspended in cots.

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy!” said Yorick. “You are generously employed, Sidney. Pray, may I ask who are the sufferers?”

“They are French officers,” replied Sir Sidney. “Poor fellows! though I detest the nation, I cannot avoid feeling that they are men and enemies.”

“Taken in action, I suppose?” said Yorick. “I never heard of your having a brush with anything on your passage home.”

“No; they were not taken in action by me,” answered Sir Sidney. “After the evacuation of Alexandria, the prisoners were sent away in different vessels for France. I fell in with one of them, a brig in a sinking state, and took out her crew and several officers, amongst whom were those you now see lying here. On our arrival they were not in a condition to be removed, and of course they have remained. One of them commanded a large frigate that was cut out by a protégé of yours—*young Blocks*, or rather *Courtney*: he is going fast, and the doctor says he cannot survive many hours.”

“Which is he?” asked Yorick, as a deep groan issued from the cot nearest to him; and turning quickly round, he beheld features which, though pale and haggard, were too strongly impressed upon his retentive memory to be easily forgotten—it was Dubois. “Is this the man?” inquired Yorick with an indignation he could not at the moment repress. Sir Sidney bowed. “Then you have in that cot a villain and a traitor, and, short as his hours may be, justice must receive its due! He is an Englishman!”

“Mercy, Captain Yorick, mercy!” feebly entreated the wretched prisoner. “I am dying, and yet I dare not die!”

Yorick’s ready genius immediately conceived the probability of inducing Dubois to reveal all he knew relative to Ten-thousand and Acheson. “You have been a sad rascal, it must be owned,” said he; “but let your last act be an act of justice, so may you find mercy hereafter. Doctor, how long has he got to live?”

“It cannot be more than six or seven hours at the most,” returned the surgeon. “There is a break-up of the whole system.”

“Well, then, Dubois, it is best to be plain and candid with you,” said Yorick; whilst Sir



Sidney stood by, a rather amazed listener. "If you don't inform us who that young man Blocks really is,—if you don't answer truly to the questions that may be put to you,—why, as sure as you are now able to do it, so surely will you be in —— at the expiration of the time mentioned. Unburthen your mind, man; throw the heavy weight of guilt from your soul."

"I will—I will," feebly assented Dubois. "I have longed to do it, yet could not make up my mind: your presence has determined me, and I am ready."

"Avast! avast!" said Yorick smartly. "Sidney, have you any objections to my sending for my gunner here?—he it was who picked up young Blocks and provided for him; he ought to hear this man's confession. May I take the liberty of sending for him?"

"Most certainly," answered Sir Sidney; "and it would be as well to have my clerk down to receive the depositions."

Yorick instantly despatched his boat to the frigate; but the gunner had gone on leave, being desirous of communicating to Breeze and Brief the success of Ten-thousand. Thither the messenger followed him; and in little more than an hour the boat returned, not with the

gunner alone, but with all three ; and Sir Sidney's sanction being obtained, Sir Joseph, old Will, and the lawyer descended to the cabin. Brief had brought with him the articles Ten was dressed in when found ; and placing the bundle on the cabin-table, he took his seat, mounted his glasses, and prepared for writing.

"Your patient is in sane mind, doctor, though injured in body?" uttered the lawyer inquiringly. The surgeon bowed.

"Yes, yes," said Dubois : "except the horrors that are upon me, I am perfectly sensible : let me lose no time."

"I am quite ready," said Brief ; "but it must be done on oath." He applied himself to his pen and muttered as he wrote, "being of sane mind, and with a prospect of death, maketh oath—" He then administered the proper form, which Dubois unhesitatingly complied with. "And now, first, who is the person you have repeatedly seen under the name of Blocks?"

"He is the son of Lord Wentworth," replied the dying man, "surreptitiously taken away and exchanged for him who now usurps his place. I aided in the fraud, and carried the infant into Cornwall, where it was placed out at nurse ; but ——"

“The name of the person, and the place where,” demanded Brief; “the date of the removal, and the cause?”

“The name was Tremenhere in Mevaggissey,” answered Dubois. He then proceeded to detail every circumstance connected with his taking the infant from the nurse, bringing it to Plymouth, hiring the boat, and launching it upon the waters; his discovery, when captured by the Scratchee, that Blocks was the individual infant that had been thus abandoned;—in short, he entered most freely and fully upon a confession that at once placed our hero in his proper position: but he persisted in refusing to say who or what the imposter was who had so long usurped Tenthoousand’s place. The fact, however, was pretty strongly conjectured. Sir Sidney and Captain Yorick attested the confession; the clothes, the ring, were all identified; and the life of the wretched man terminated about the period the surgeon had predicted.

Brief lost not a moment in posting it to Mevaggissey, where he found the nurse still living, and brought her back with him to Plymouth. In the mean time, Breeze had discovered the owner of the hired boat, and, together with the gunner (to whom

Yorick gave leave of absence), the whole started for Portsmouth, where finding on their arrival that the captain of the Tulip had crossed over to the Isle of Wight, they immediately followed, and arrived at the particular and important moment already described.

The Misses Wentworth, after perusing the documents, at once more cordially and most gratefully acknowledged their brother, who sent off an express to General Edmonds, acquainting him with what had taken place at the Pleasance, and respectfully entreating his presence. The veteran's travelling carriage was promptly ordered, and attended by the corporal: he admitted of no delay, and soon arrived upon the scene of action. His efforts, however, to arouse the unhappy peer from his moody melancholy were unavailing, and therefore he took it upon himself to arrange every matter, so that full and ample justice might be done to his sister's child, as no doubt whatever could exist with regard to the relationship.

Never was little man more busy in this world of litigation than Lawyer Brief: he allowed himself no rest till all his points were fully and perfectly carried, and his client's

claims placed beyond all moral and legal disputation.

Captain Courtney was apprised of every circumstance that had occurred : but he declared his intention of bequeathing the whole of his property to Ten-thousand, simply expressing a wish that he would couple the name of Courtney to that of Wentworth ; and through Brief's active agency this was speedily arranged, our hero, through royal permission, taking the title of the Honourable Sir Courtney Wentworth.

From what has already been stated, it will cause no surprise to hear that the outlawry against Major Waldegrave was annulled, and he was restored to his estates and station in society. But it was not accomplished without difficulty, for the breach of martial discipline was strong against him still. Brief (who seemed to be the factotum) overcame every obstacle ; for several weeks he scarcely ever entered a bed, but slept in the carriage whilst posting it between Portsmouth and the metropolis, and at last was signally successful : in fact, the property had been secured to his daughter, and it was only the resumption that was objected to.

We must leave the dead to be borne to

the silent earth whilst we form a *tableau vivant* (I am not sure that I am right in the term) of those who remain.

The gunner, through the interest of his protégé, was soon afterwards appointed to one of the royal yachts, for he would not quit the service he loved. Mr. Hector had become attached to his villagers, and though Sir Courtney visited him personally and offered him an excellent living in the gift of the family, he preferred remaining where he was, and he was no advocate for preaching the Gospel by deputy :—in the most delicate manner possible, ample provision was made to supply his every want. Major Edmonds returned from the East Indies, and Amelia became his wife on the very day that Sir Courtney was wedded to Miss Waldegrave, Mr. Hector joining the hands of both couple.

Sir Joseph Breeze, as he himself expressed it, “had neither chick nor child in the world ;” and being in the metropolis on business, the veteran gunner and he met as old friends to discuss the matter.

“All I can muster in the whole univarse,” said Blocks, “shall go to Ten’s childer, except a bit of a *leg* I means to give Captain Parker.”

“He desarves it!” exclaimed Sir Joseph; “and so my ould ’oman, her ladyship, will say. Well, I’m thinking my fortun ull go somewhere away upon the same tack; and as they have been laying me alongside somut about *small arms* and *bearings* from a college as they calls the Herald, why, I’ve been overhauling it in my mind, that, to log the thing down properly, we ought to make out a tropics of war\* for ourselves. And here,” producing a rough piece of paper on which he had pencilled a perfect Chinese puzzle to the Heralds’ College, but which a seaman would have understood in a moment,—“And here is a coat-of-arms, that if he gets my property, he must put into the quarter-bill along with his own.”

“You must speak him easy, my ould friend,” said the gunner. “Ax him, and he’ll do it directly to ’blige you: tell him he must, and I am sure he wont!”

“Why, look at it,” urged Sir Joseph, holding up the paper and pointing out the different articles as he enumerated them.

\* It was a customary thing on board of men-of-war to paint the emblems of war on various parts of the ship, such as the front of the poop, the ends of the booms, and the cloth which covered the main-topmast staysail. These were called by the seamen, not “the trophies of war,” but “the tropics of war.”



“There’s the call, guv me by General Elliot at Gibraltar, rampagerous, as they says at the College;—you see I knows all about the tarms;—there’s a babby proper, and a twenty-four pounder, guarding;—and there’s a TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCK *cushioned*.”

THE END.

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